

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'London Street in Snow' (1917), by Harold Gilman (1876-1919): from the exhibition of his works at the Tate Gallery, London (see page 896)

In this number:

Good Behaviour (Sir Harold Nicolson)

English Drawing through Three Centuries (Geoffrey Grigson)

Reflections on Captivity (C. J. Hamson)

A Compact Console

with an impressive performance



FERGUSON
MODEL 327RG 49 GNS TAX PAID
(for operation on AC mains only)

This is the 327RG—a new addition to the Ferguson value-for-money range of radiograms. And what a fine Ferguson it is! A handsome, compact, 3-wave, 3-speed console with an impressive performance on radio and records.

5-valve, 3-waveband superhet, 3-speed auto-changer with turn-over crystal head for standard or L.P. records. External speaker sockets with muting switch for internal 8" P.M. moving coil speaker. Handsome console cabinet of figured walnut veneers lined with a contrasting light wood.

Arrange to hear the 327RG at your Ferguson Dealer's.

...fine sets these **FERGUSON'S**



For further details of Model 327RG post this coupon to Thorn Electrical Industries Ltd., 233 Shaftesbury Ave., London WC2

Name

Address

Thorn

B44



Before you go abroad

Even if you have a valid passport you will still have to obtain foreign money, Travellers' Cheques and information regarding Exchange Control before you go abroad. These needs can be speedily dealt with at any branch of Lloyds Bank whether you are arranging to travel across the Channel or across the World.

Lloyds Bank Travellers' Cheques are now issued in units of £2, £5, £10 and £20.

LLOYDS BANK
LIMITED

The Listener

Vol. LIII. No. 1368

Thursday May 19 1955

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		LITERATURE:	
The Change of Mood in Washington (Christopher Serpell) ...	871	The Realistic Fallacy (Erich Heller) ...	888
New Delhi: an Expanding Capital City (Francis Watson) ...	873	The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	899
		New Novels (Hilary Corke) ...	903
PHILOSOPHY:		NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	
Foundations of Western Values—IV (Sir John Maud) ...	874	890	
Reflections on Captivity (C. J. Hamson) ...	887	GENERAL ELECTION BROADCASTS (Philip Fothergill, Edith Pitt, O.B.E., Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, C.H.) ...	
THE LISTENER:		892	
Concerning Manners ...	876	GARDENING:	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	876	Asparagus and Peas (F. H. Streeter) ...	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		895	
A Great English Cricketer (C. B. Fry) ...	877	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Sermons in Paint (Robert Stimson) ...	877	From R. L. Marris, Colin Clark, Paul de Hevesy, Sir John Pratt, Esther Iwi, Rebecca West, P. Coutts Trotter, Rose Macaulay, and G. A. Gascoigne ...	
The Moscow Zoo (Jon Miller) ...	877	897	
A Tribute to the Old Navy (William Mitchell) ...	878	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
Encounter with a Cobra (Stephen Dewar) ...	878	Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	
THE POLICE—VII. Beats and Mobile Patrols (James McConnach) ...		879	
SCIENCE: The Ocean's Coastline (J. A. Steers) ...		881	
SOCIOLOGY: Good Behaviour—I (Sir Harold Nicolson) ...		883	
ART:		MUSIC:	
English Drawing through Three Centuries (Geoffrey Grigson) ...	884	Organ Music in the Reign of Henry VIII (Denis Stevens) ...	
Round the London Galleries (Andrew Forge) ...	896	909	
POEM:		BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	
The Virgin's Last Petition (James Kirkup) ...	886	911	
		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	
		911	
		CROSSWORD NO. 1,307 ...	
		911	

The Change of Mood in Washington

By CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent

THE senior Washington correspondents of the American press and radio are specialists in what is almost a science: that is to say a day-to-day diagnosis of the moods and intentions of the United States Administration. In pursuit of this they probe with carefully formulated questions and minutely measure the official responses. They weigh phrases and they analyse silences with all the zeal and much of the technique of a doctor in his consulting room or a research worker in his laboratory. Their reports from their findings are often admitted to be much nearer to the truth than members of the Administration would prefer to have published.

Recently, the attention of these specialists has been concentrated on what they all regard as a remarkable passage in the case history of their patient, the radical change that came over both the expression of United States foreign policy and the mood behind it between the seventeenth and the twenty-sixth of last month. On April 17, Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, coming out from a conference with the President, at Augusta in Georgia, told the assembled pressmen that he saw 'grave implications in Far Eastern developments', and quoted the President as saying that 'peace is now in grave jeopardy'.

Nine days later Mr. Dulles came back from a weekend of retirement on an island in Lake Ontario to say that he found himself in a mood of some encouragement, and issued a formal statement which was called 'Hopeful Developments'. That morning, the

Secretary of State humorously attributed his change of mood to the fact that he had escaped for a few days from his office. But the very next day President Eisenhower admitted to a sixth sense telling him that things were on the upswing. He expressed his confidence that his old war companion, Soviet Marshal Zhukov, was devoted to good relations between the Soviet Union and the United States, and he suggested that official American broadcasts had perhaps gone a little too far when they attributed the world's dangers to tyranny in the Soviet Union. Moreover, in those two news conferences the Secretary of State and the President gave notice of an important modification of their policy in the Far East. Directly contradicting an earlier official *communiqué* issued by the State Department, they both said they were prepared to enter into direct negotiations with the Chinese communists on the question of a cease fire in the Formosa Strait, even without the participation of the Chinese Nationalists in Formosa who were, it was recognised, opposed to such a cease fire.

This change in attitude of the leadership of the United States Government puzzled the news analysts. Some of them described it as a sudden dispelling of fear, but so far none of them have been able fully to explain why it should have occurred when it did. It is true that it coincided with a number of important changes in the international picture. The Russians had indicated their readiness to negotiate an Austrian treaty, under much better auspices than had been known in the past; ratification of the Paris Agreements

was completed. At Bandung, the Conference of Asian and African countries had concluded, and the Chinese Prime Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai, had declared that his people did not want to have war with the United States, and that his Government was willing to enter into direct negotiations with the United States Government on the question of relaxing tension in the Far East. The Bandung Conference itself had gone much more favourably than many Washington experts had expected.

But in the view of the news analysts these positive factors did not completely account for the change in attitude of the United States Government. Although President Eisenhower had long before stipulated an Austrian State Treaty as desirable evidence of Soviet good intentions, the first Russian approaches to that treaty were received in Washington with suspicion and almost with dismay, as just one more manoeuvre to obstruct the implementation of the Paris Agreements.

The ratification of those Agreements was being regarded before April 17 as a highly necessary defensive measure in a still dangerous situation. The attacks on communist colonialism, launched at Bandung by friends of the United States, were hailed during the conference as effective manoeuvres, but the value of the conference itself was still being regarded with some scepticism, and the first reception of Mr. Chou En-lai's approach, as expressed in the *communiqué* during Mr. Dulles' absence, was cold and discouraging. By stipulating that the Chinese Nationalists should be present at all conceivable talks, it almost excluded the possibility of negotiations ever taking place.

Positive Hopefulness

Three days later Mr. Dulles announced a difference of view between his Government and the Chinese Nationalists on the question of a cease fire, and stated his readiness to enter into negotiations on that particular issue without their presence, and the mood of positive hopefulness which inspired the general statement he issued that same day still persists in official Washington circles.

Writers on the Bandung Conference, apparently reflecting views held inside the State Department, note that since there was no general condemnation of American aims and activities, and no expression of the isolation of the Asian and African countries from the rest of the world, it is encouraging evidence that the United States has been able, by its current policy, to make friends and influence people in those two great areas of the world.

On his departure for Paris Mr. Dulles said he saw the fruition of the Paris Agreements, and the prospect of sovereignty for the Federal German Republic, in a positive light, as the opening of a new chapter in European history—a chapter which 'will record the realisation of a new Europe, united, free and secure, of which men of vision have so long dreamed'. He also welcomed the prospect of an Austrian treaty and announced his readiness to go to Vienna to conclude it. Finally, he bracketed these two developments as together opening up what he called, 'new vistas for accomplishment'. The only question on which pessimism is still being expressed in Washington is that of the confused situation in Viet-nam: but here officials are inclined to be cautious.

One Washington commentator has described the great change of mood as coming from a decision by the United States Government to recognise and enter into a *détente*, or general relaxation of world tension, which was already developing outside the United States, but he admits that the decision in itself is no explanation. Others have suggested that the United States Government lost its fear of the world situation on the basis of some new evidence that the Soviet Union was not so aggressively minded, or not so dangerously powerful, as had previously been thought. Some of them have suggested that the Soviet Government may have over-extended itself, and may be now trying to readjust the balance between its commitments and its abilities. Others believe that there are grave economic weaknesses inside the Soviet Union, deriving from a crisis in agriculture, and also possibly in heavy industry.

Others, again, have suggested that the Soviet Union is afraid of

the intentions and ambitions of its Chinese allies, and that it wants peace in the west if the Chinese Government is going to touch off a war in the east. Others have speculated on the nature of the private letters which President Eisenhower says he has exchanged with Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister. But this is all guesswork and events are now moving so fast that there is a tendency in the informed American press to accept the change of policy as part of a new world situation and to urge the leaders of the Government to seize every opportunity provided by the new fluid state of affairs for promoting the cause of peace and freedom.

Pressure of Public Opinion

So far I have been discussing what has been done and written and said in one part of the American capital, the area which includes the White House, the State Department and the National Press Club; but at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue there is the United States Congress sitting on Capitol Hill and claiming to express American public opinion. And beyond the district of Columbia itself there is the vast American public, spreading out over so many lines of latitude and longitude and including so many regional and local interests. It is difficult for any outside observer to tell how far the ultimate decisions of the Executive have been influenced either by the conflicting advice coming from Capitol Hill or by a sense of the wider and more inarticulate national audience.

There is some evidence that pressure of public opinion did have its effect in Washington before the dramatic change which has been here described. Three months ago official utterances on the question of the off-shore islands disputed between the Chinese Nationalists who occupy them and the Chinese Government on the mainland, were uncompromising. It is true that Quemoy and the Matsu were excluded from the scope of the mutual defence treaty between the United States and Formosa. But the implication that they might be considered necessary to the defence of Formosa and the continued talks about a strategy of massive retaliation were together enough to alarm many friends of the United States. It was thought in Washington that the exponents of a preventive war and the champions in Congress of General Chiang Kai-shek were together exercising a heavy pressure on the President.

Moderate Counsels

Then the opposite point of view began to be expressed. The point of view that the ownership of these inconspicuous islands was not an issue over which the United States should risk a war and possibly a world conflict. The voice of Senator George, the new Democratic Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, began to make itself felt on counsels of moderation and of the need for negotiating a relaxation of tension. One or two members of Congress have revealed privately that their daily post-bag contained a great majority of letters from people who were opposed to involvement in another war; and observers on Capitol Hill say they believe that most members of the Republican Party in Congress are now afraid of the effects which another Far Eastern conflict would have in the next election, both on the prospects of their party and on their hopes that President Eisenhower will star and will be re-elected for a second term.

Since April 27 the tendency of the executive to listen to Senator George and the other counsellors of moderation has been accentuated. The diehards of the Republican Party still proclaim that any negotiation with the communists is appeasement and that, in the words of Senator Knowland, 'there is nothing to negotiate that would not mean giving up free world territory and peoples to the communists'. But these warnings have apparently had no influence on either President Eisenhower or his Secretary of State during the last fortnight*. The emphasis is still on what Senator George has called 'the high obligation owed by the United States to mankind everywhere'.—*General Overseas Service*

An Expanding Capital City

FRANCIS WATSON on New Delhi

JASMINE-SCENTED water running in marble conduits through the audience-chamber, and massacre running through the bazaar. The elephant-bell and the camel-bell and the tapping of the coppersmith's hammer. The bugle-call challenging the mutineers on the ramparts. A red palace and a blue dome and a moon-silver street. Everyone has his book-fed image of Delhi; and even today in the old city of Shah Jahan, when the dust and heat of summer set domes and crenellations swimming insubstantially in the haze, you can almost smell the past. You remember then that each Delhi, in this triangle between ridge and river where empire was so often contested, was once a New Delhi. And all around you they have scattered over the plain, noble or pathetic, their crumble of monuments.

There are usually said to be seven Delhis—seven, that is, before the new capital which George V proclaimed at the 1911 Durbar, and which Lutyens and Baker and their helpers afterwards brought into being a couple of miles south of the walled city. More than forty Moslem kings or emperors occupied the throne of Hindustan, most of them with Delhi as the seat of authority. The British were the first rulers who could build a Delhi without walls. In every direction the wide, tree-lined roads point outwards, melting into the map, symbols of an invisibly radiating power. And yet that New Delhi of former days—quiet and busy in the cool months, quiet and almost empty under the blaze of summer—was also a symbol of isolation. It was a dedicated place. It provided every amenity for work. But if it was conceived on a luxurious scale, it was hardly frivolous. Its relaxations were simple and healthy—austere, almost, compared with those of Bombay and Calcutta or even Simla. The Princes of India who built themselves palaces in New Delhi and sent to Oxford Street or Tottenham Court Road for the furnishings did so for reasons of precedence and political necessity. Some of them hardly came there at all, and none of them, as far as I know, ever came there for pleasure.

There was much that was pleasant about New Delhi, but the pageantry which that grandiose lay-out seemed to invite just did not happen.

It is a wonderful lay-out, even though argument still goes on about the architecture. The axis of the whole thing is one of the world's finest processional ways, running east and west for nearly two miles in all, with its solid memorial arch bearing the one word 'India', its immense lawns and still waters, the Secretariat buildings touched with mist at dusk, and beyond and between them the dome of final dignity, once Viceregal House, now Rashtrapathi Bhavan. Directly behind that monumental plan the heavens co-operated in the scheme with a regular succession of dramatic sunsets, and I need hardly add that nothing has since happened to extinguish them. At the other end of the vista the canopied statue of the King-Emperor George V, which might perhaps have been extinguished, is still there for the bolder spectators to climb upon when the Republic Day procession comes by. The stone viceroys still stand upon their plinths among the flowering trees. The lordly

street-names are unchanged, Curzon and Canning, Albuquerque and Aurungzeb, Clive and Dupleix, Hailey and Minto. India's power of absorption is proverbial, but this has a touch of the magnanimous.

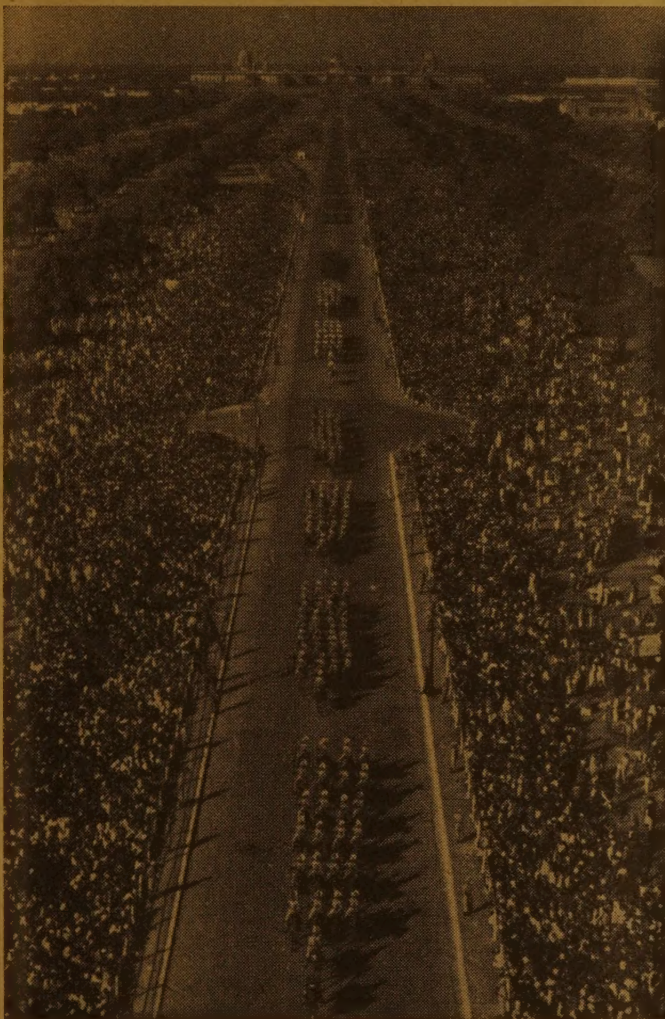
Then what has happened? I went to the Secretariat to call on the head of one of the government departments, and found him in the same room and seated at the same table as I had known at conferences during my temporary service in the war-time administration—uncannily

enough, the personal assistant who welcomed me in advance was none other than my old stenographer. I attended a presidential garden-party. As compared with viceregal functions there was less formality and more variety in dress among the guests who crowded the same beautifully kept gardens and opened into a double rank when the President appeared. When he did appear, it was, of course, to the strains of *Jana Gana Mana* and not of our National Anthem. But the lancers of the bodyguard stood as tall and straight for president as for viceroy, scarlet statues at their due intervals along the ordered walks. The impression of continuity was so strong at first that one almost forgot—until people gave one details—that there had been weeks of tragedy and great danger for the new regime, when the old city wrote a fresh page of blood in its history, and violence and looting washed up to the shopping-centre of New Delhi itself. And for me, personally, continuity was bound to make itself felt, because I met scores and scores of old friends, and Indians have a charming way of making nine years ago seem like yesterday.

But the developments in India as a whole, both the changes and the continuity, are a different subject. What has really happened to the capital? It is much noisier, despite notices about a zone of silence round the main government and parliament buildings. Also it is not so clean as it used to be, not so trim and tidy. The lawns have lost some of their sanctity, and the grass verges to the footpaths have vanished altogether. There are buses and black-and-yellow taxis and unsightly things

called motor-cycle rickshaws, none of which New Delhi ever knew before. The headlong assault of bicycles, at morning and evening, is almost terrifying. This is the traffic of the metropolis which is emerging out of a sort of game-preserve for legislators and administrators. During the war older civil servants accepted with pain the rapid construction of hutments and office-blocks that were supposed to be temporary encroachments on the surrounding stateliness. They are still in use, which did not surprise me after I had been told that the government population has increased seven times since 1942. That is how big a job running India has become.

It is the new building going on everywhere, the prodigious expansion of New Delhi, that you cannot miss: government estates and substantial suburbs pushing outwards, extending the cobweb of the plan; desirable plots on offer among the tombs of past dynasties that once were a picnic-ride away; and the central lay-out filling up with handsome headquarters for national institutions. For instance, Sapru House, which



Republic Day parade in New Delhi, along 'one of the world's finest processional ways'

is the Indian Chatham House, the centre for the Indian Council of World Affairs, has recently been finished on an impressive scale, with an air-conditioned auditorium as well as a library, reading-room, and offices. If there is one class that seems safe from chronic unemployment it is the hereditary builders of Delhi, the wide-skirted Jat women with their tinkling anklets, the babies playing in the cement, the men with their turbans of pink or yellow or white, bobbing about among the rough scaffolding that always looks as though it would collapse at a breath, but encloses the solidly rising structures of a modern city.

There are several reasons for this expansion of New Delhi, and each contributes something to its character. One reason is the influx of refugees, the refugees of partition and its aftermath, mostly from the Punjab and including large numbers of Sikhs. For a few years this was a typical problem of displacement: camps, doles, discontent, and the bad conditions of a spreading shanty-town. These features seem to have been tackled and gradually reduced, but there are still hundreds of small, ramshackle shops in areas once so decorous that even one would have seemed an outrage. A returning Briton may wince, and his Indian hosts will apologise for the patches of shabbiness—though one lady who complained to me about 'these Punjabis' had apparently forgotten that she was a Punjabi herself.

Yet in some ways I believe that the distribution of the energy and push of the Punjab may be good for India in the end. What it really means to New Delhi is just this: life has flowed in—the teeming life that the former capital, though it did not exactly forget it, contrived to deal with at a distance. When the starry darkness comes on and the booths are lit up there is something eerie and yet intimate in this shocking invasion by the bazaar. The jackal's cry is further and fainter over the Ridge. Radios blare from the shops where betel and coloured drinks are sold. People sit or lie outside on their string-beds, in summer for a breath of air, in the colder months beside fires that are dangerously lit on the once grass-lined roadway. Between two fruit-stalls a naked bulb illuminates a table where one old man and one small boy are bent over an exercise-book, with above them the explanatory sign-board: 'College of Economics'. In these corners it is any Indian town.

The second element pulls the other way. At the same time as New Delhi has become more Indian, it has become more cosmopolitan, more exotic. There are diplomatic establishments from all over the world, and South Asian headquarters for various United Nations agencies.

That means, among other things, large cars with a flag on the bonnet, new and shiny restaurants in Connaught Place, busy hotels, endless receptions and parties, a run on schools that educate in English, and also tempting opportunities for the doctors who ought perhaps to be running rural clinics. New Delhi now has visiting performers, exhibitions and delegations from all the nations which so flatteringly compete for India's favour. It generates such activities itself to an extent which would startle anyone who remembers the days when this year's most exhilarating event was the annual flower-show. Before you reach New Delhi you may hear in other parts of India how exciting the capital is. Alternatively you may be told that all this activity is empty and superficial. But the fact remains that South Indian dance who at one time would scarcely have acknowledged New Delhi as existing on a map, now compete for engagements there.

Behind all this there is a certain amount of policy and government patronage. Centralisation—economic and political centralisation—is a lively issue in India. Cultural aspects are perhaps less controversial, and in New Delhi they are the first that you notice. The capital puts on national exhibitions, drama festivals, plays in fifteen Indian languages, all sorts of artistic get-togethers, and even a film seminar—although New Delhi does not produce films and on the whole felt rather superior about it. Then on Republic Day, the main national festival, there are all sorts of colour and fun and strangeness that are brought upon the scene by tribesmen from the Naga hills, the drummers of Bharatpur, folk-dancers from Orissa, even Nizam's descendants of a former Nizam's bodyguard. The appreciation of such things



A folk-dancer from Orissa performing at a Republic Day display in New Delhi

not always very discriminating; for example, it must have been at least in part a political welcome which was given to the party of French-Christian Indian girls from Pondicherry, pirouetting in long frocks to the strains—of all things—of 'The Blue Danube'. The Government brings in these samples of India's endless diversity, by train and aircraft, some of them from remote and little-known places, and it is an idea that is growing year by year, the idea of letting the people see and feel the significance of the capital of the new India, and of letting the capital get its own education at the same time.

That, finally, is another reason for what is happening today: a deliberate effort to make this northern crossroads of Delhi what it has never really been in all its tremendous history—a national capital.

—Home Service

Foundations of Western Values

Integrity

By SIR JOHN MAUD

I CANNOT think of anything which more of us admire than integrity. It is one of the few important words which you can use nowadays as a means of communication with almost anyone—and expect to be understood. But I find it extraordinarily difficult to say what I mean by it myself.

I do not think of young children as having or lacking it. They may or may not be truthful or brave or loyal: but it is only as they grow up that they can develop integrity, because that is an achievement of mature men and women—indeed, their characteristic achievement, the flowering of their personality. Let me give you an example of integrity, tested almost to breaking point. 'If they torture me, shall I be able to keep silent?' That was the question, we are told, that haunted Frenchmen in the Resistance Movement during the Nazi occupation of their country. And that is a question of integrity, as I use the word: 'Is my integrity so strong that not even torture can make me break faith with myself and betray my friends?'

For centuries in this country we have had the immense good fortune never to live with our land occupied by the enemy. Our integrity has not been tested in the terrible ways in which that of many of our friends on the Continent has been. But, of course, it is tested every day—and almost every day in some degree found wanting. For if it is the flower of individual personality, then it must be tested by everything that tries to stop us being ourselves: not only tested by pain or fear, but by all the other corrupters—power, money, lust, desire, popularity, and the rest.

I believe the strength of any society largely depends on the integrity of its individual members as they go about their business. But there are certain points at which the society we are trying to achieve in Britain today is particularly dependent for its strength on integrity. And those are all points at which we find men and women with power. For power is perhaps more likely to corrupt us, in a way that damages society, than anything else; and so it is among the

who exercise power that society has most need of men and women of integrity.

Take industrial power, for example. A great and growing part of the nation's work is now done in factories, mines, and workshops, linked up in huge impersonal groups; and most of the workers in these industries are members of trade unions with very large membership, and most of the employers are linked in organisations of their own. This growth in the size of industrial units has been changing the relationship of management to men, and the change brings with it a new challenge to the integrity of the leaders on both sides of industry. Tremendous power is now concentrated in the hands of these men. If their integrity fails; if the managers falter in their leadership or go back on their word; if the men's leaders lose touch with the men they represent or go back on their word—if any or all of these things happen, the rot sets in, morale decays all down the line, great numbers of men and women become frustrated and disheartened—and the nation suffers.

Effects of Full Employment

Then there is the fact of full employment. Today we are all wanted. Between the two wars there always seemed to be more of us wanting work than there were jobs for us to do, and at times millions of men were unemployed. That meant that when you had a job you had a strong incentive to do it well, because if you did not you might be sacked. Today that incentive of fear is far less powerful, thank God. And that means that unless we have the integrity to do the job as well as it can be done, we do it badly. In other words, our society now asks of us a new achievement of integrity in place of the old incentive of fear. Full employment enormously increases the power of the individual worker, and therefore enormously increases the need for integrity.

The same sort of thing has been happening in government. You may have read a book called *A Pattern of Islands*, by a man who spent his working life in helping to govern certain islands in the Pacific—Sir Arthur Grimble. There you see a man with very large powers of government in his own hands; and there you see something remarkably like the good shepherd, as distinct from the hireling—the man who cares for his people, and they know he cares for them. That is the integrity which our tradition still requires of the man in a position of political power overseas: to act as a trustee for the people he helps to govern until they can govern themselves; and perhaps to have the one great reward of a trustee's integrity, the reward of finding himself trusted.

Do not let us at home take too much for granted the standard of political integrity set us by these men. But I believe our complex democratic form of government in Britain asks even more of us than is asked of people living under those simpler forms of government overseas. Where all have votes, as we have, all are trustees; so that it depends to some extent on the integrity of each one of us, as voters and constituents, how well or ill the huge powers of the modern state are used. And a special degree of integrity is required of parliamentary candidates and their party leaders—in telling us the facts, for example, and what they honestly think can be done and what cannot; in refusing to make promises to a sectional interest, regardless of the effect this would produce on the nation as a whole. So, our system asks for political integrity from all of us, but especially from the politicians.

There is a third part of our common life where integrity is also the foundation of strength: the part in which we need the service of the professionals—doctors, lawyers, surveyors, accountants, local government officers, civil servants, and so on. When you join one of these professions you accept a whole body of special claims on your integrity. You set yourself a certain ideal—as a doctor, say—and you try to be that, as well as being a husband or father or citizen. This may complicate the problem of integrity for you, but it also makes it easier to solve, for your personal desire to do the best for your patients is powerfully reinforced by your membership of a great profession with its own tradition of integrity. If we assume, as in this country we usually can, that we shall get good service when we go to doctors or other professional people for help, that is because we trust their integrity. If we found we could not trust them, one foundation of our society would have collapsed.

Perhaps my own profession, the Civil Service, illustrates this well enough. Our code requires us to serve with equal loyalty whatever political party forms the country's government. If any government decided they could not trust us, one of the foundations on which the whole machinery of our government has been built up over the last

hundred years would have been removed. Yes, I think professional integrity is certainly something on which the strength of our society depends; indeed, it is the counterpart of integrity in politics and industry.

Whether or not we grow stronger in years to come at these crucial points depends, I suppose, in large part on those who educate. First among them are parents and the homes we parents make—we are the indispensable educators of our children, and no other kind of education can really make up for failure of integrity on our part. Then there are the schools, colleges, and universities. It is because those who teach in them have such power with our children that the integrity of the teaching profession is of such momentous importance—the refusal of teachers to use their position in order to influence the party politics of those they teach; the example of integrity they set, and their success in helping each child to develop his own integrity. But however powerful parents, churches, schools, and other professional educators may be, they are not alone in having influence on the future of integrity. There is the huge potential of the press, the cinema, broadcasting, television, and the whole machine of mass communication. Integrity, or lack of it, in journalists, artists and the other masters of these unpredictable techniques, will largely determine, I believe, our future chances of growing in strength as a society.

But it is only as an individual that one can achieve integrity. There is almost no moment of a man's waking life in which his integrity is not either growing or in decline, and I believe the most important moments from this point of view are the ones when he is alone or with his personal friends. If we are lucky we have many friends, and they are all unlike each other. But though we may rightly try to be 'all things to all men', what really matters, surely, is that we should be *one man* to all men. That is what the man of integrity is, in every context, in all the private and public aspects of his life. Could anything be harder to achieve than that? Those who come nearest to achieving it seem to come by many different ways. But I think such people have this in common, that each of them, consciously or unconsciously, allows some one coherent vision to gather up all his faculties and possess him body and soul. It may be the artist's vision or the craftsman's, the statesman's vision or the mystic's. It may come from a passion for truth, from an urge to create works of art, from compassion, from love of God. In each case the man seems to forget himself, and in so doing to come fully alive—and stay alive. But I do not think anyone finds this achievement easy.

Even when we are sure what integrity requires us to do, we may still be sorely tempted not to do it. (You remember that question from the Resistance Movement: 'If they torture me, shall I be able to keep silent?') But there is another test of a more subtle kind. This comes when we are in doubt and we have to judge between conflicting claims. What do you do when you find yourself in disagreement with the party you belong to, or with your fellow members in the trade union, or when you find yourself unable to obey an order which as a soldier you must obey? It may be cowardice or some other kind of corruption that puts us in this position of doubt: but it may be nothing of the kind. The highest and final degree of integrity may be seen in the man who wrecks his immediate prospects of success and disappoints his friends because, after wrestling with doubt, he decides he can do no other. That, after all, is what Christ did after Gethsemane.

Sovereign Judgement

Here, I believe, is what really distinguishes our western way of life from any that sets the state above the individual. In that sort of state your citizen may be an utterly conscientious man. He may act with the greatest devotion and lay down his life for his cause. But he has accepted as absolutely binding on him whatever his leader or his party chooses to command. He has put his will into commission. The man of integrity as I use the word refuses to surrender his sovereign judgement to any man or any organisation of men. He accepts the obligations of citizenship, and perhaps of party, trade union, or profession; but he reserves to himself the right and duty to overrule, in the last resort, any one of those claims upon his loyalty. That is why he can call himself free.

It is because our western form of society wants us to be free in that sense, and deliberately accepts all the embarrassments that may follow from our exercise of freedom, that I think we can claim to live in a free society. And I am convinced that only as we achieve increasingly high standards of integrity will our free society be strong.

—Home Service

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on east-west negotiations

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Concerning Manners

HOW to behave is a fundamental question. How to behave yourself is hardly less fundamental. The first question is concerned with what you are to do, the second with how you are to do it—not in the strategic or tactical sense, but in the regard you have for the manners and customs of your time. And if it be argued that manners after all are superficial, so also, in the words of one who knew something of human conduct, are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. To put it prosily, we all of us have not only to live but also to live together, and a regard for each other's feelings is the substance of good manners. But of course there is more to it than that. As Sir Harold Nicolson observes in the first of three talks he is giving on 'Good Behaviour' (readers will find it on another page), 'successive types of civility differ from each other in the emphasis they throw upon certain human qualities and aptitudes'. The ancient Greeks threw emphasis on 'the good and the beautiful'; eighteenth-century England on a special kind of elegance; nineteenth-century England largely on respectability. And the minority which set the tone might have been found in almost any stratum of society.

What, then, of our own times—the century of the common man? If, as Sir Harold says, the pattern of behaviour is always set by an educated minority, possessed of sufficient intelligence and leisure to reflect upon behaviour and to design the sort of pattern and agree on the sort of behaviour which they, with their special background of tradition, thought, and feeling, consider to be appropriate—if we apply this test today, to hit on 'the educated minority' in question becomes an interesting speculation. In a community where practically everyone may lay some claim to education (humane, scientific, technical—the term is comprehensive and ill defined) where exactly does one point in order to indicate the pattern-forming minority? To the aristocracy, busy collecting the half-crown entry money to their ancestral homes? To the professional classes who may have the intelligence but scarcely the leisure to reflect upon codes of behaviour? To the trade unions, whose changed role and enhanced responsibilities must leave them little enough time and energy for teaching others how to conduct themselves, even if they entertained that aspiration?

Yet if the source of our code of behaviour is not easily discovered, its stream appears to run more or less smoothly. Indeed it is probably true to say that civility in all ranks of society was never in better shape than it is today. To define its chief characteristic is not easy. One might suggest 'orderliness'. We have grown so accustomed to queuing for what we want that one of the most grievous of social sins in any context has become 'to jump the queue'. Even in staging our protests we take care as far as may be to act in an orderly fashion. Some might say perversely that that is what is the matter with us, that, from one cause and another, orderliness has become such an ingrained quality that we have lost much of the zest and sparkle that is sometimes associated—often on insufficient grounds—with life as it was lived in other periods. However that may be, to have achieved a measure of orderly behaviour in a world in which that characteristic has not of late been much in evidence is, if not a very inspiring contribution, at all events a contribution. What future generations will think of us is another question. In one respect at least we shall have to be placed in a different category from all previous ages. For no generation before ours has felt the impact of broadcasting. What effect radio and television are having on our type of civility might make a fruitful study.

COMMENTATORS in the east and west alike, and of course in Austria itself, welcomed the signature of the Austrian Treaty. In his statement after the signature, Mr. Molotov stressed that it meant a neutral Austria and added that the Soviet Union also wanted an early solution of the German question. In a broadcast to the Austrian people, President Koerner said that with the signing of the treaty a historical injustice had been made good. The Austrian newspaper *Neues Oesterreich* was quoted as saying:

After a long time, east and west have again done constructive work together; but they found it exceedingly hard to do so. Peace is still precarious because mutual suspicion continues. . . . Therefore, some time is likely to pass before the Austrian example is imitated elsewhere.

On the eve of the signature of the treaty in Vienna, Mr. Molotov told the western Foreign Ministers of the Soviet Government's agreement to the Western Powers' proposal for a conference of heads of governments and their Foreign Ministers. The *Washington Post* and *Times Herald* was quoted for the following comment:

The current Soviet objectives pretty obviously are to establish a neutral belt based on a neutralised Germany and to force the withdrawal of American troops and influence from Europe. The Austrian Treaty seemingly is intended to advance this purpose; so, it appears, are parts of the new Soviet disarmament proposals. Whatever concessions the Russians may be prepared to make will be directly the result of western strength, firmness, and patience. The lesson to the Western Powers is clear.

From France, several newspapers expressed a guarded optimism that an era of fruitful east-west negotiation might at last be dawning. *Le Figaro*, on the other hand, warned its readers that western diplomacy must not make the mistake of thinking that the men of the Kremlin have suddenly changed. From Switzerland, the Zürich newspaper *Weltwoche* was quoted as pointing to the danger of a four-power conference which would be exposed to the pressure of public opinion:

Moscow could have wished for nothing better than negotiations with an opponent who, from the outset, cannot afford to be unyielding and thus risk failure. The Soviet leaders are free from such pressure.

The Warsaw conference, described as 'to ensure peace and security in Europe', was a dominant theme in broadcasts from the communist sphere. The Polish Prime Minister was among other delegates who declared that the treaty 'would cease to be in force as soon as the all-European organisation of collective security is set up'. According to Moscow radio's version of the Polish Prime Minister's speech, he declared in addition that the Poles did not want their independence to depend on guarantees devoid of real content, as happened in 1939.

In those days the British Government felt no shame in shirking its obligations to Poland, British aircraft failed to appear over Poland to fight German bombers. France and Britain were passive while the whole might of the German military machine was destroying and enslaving us. . . . The British Government . . . is equally indifferent to our fate now, when the Wehrmacht, deadly enemy of the Polish people, is being revived. In the light of this experience in our history it is clear that we can and must look for aid among our friends.

In a broadcast article in *Pravda*, Marshal Zhukov, who was present at the 'liberation' celebrations in Berlin, spoke of the 'extreme lack of foresight' of western foreign policy before the war in striving to turn Germany against the Soviet Union, only to be attacked by Germany themselves. He went on:

The governments of France and Britain, having betrayed the interests of the states allied to them, paid for that by the defeat of their own countries in the first stage and it was only the victorious struggle of the U.S.S.R. that changed the situation and saved them from fascist enslavement.

Marshal Zhukov also spoke of the 'exceptional staunchness in the struggle for liberation and the common cause of defeating fascism displayed by the peoples of Yugoslavia under Marshal Tito'. President Tito, in a broadcast speech on May 15, said that before agreeing to the forthcoming Soviet-Yugoslav talks in Belgrade, Yugoslavia had made it clear that they would have to be on a basis of equality. He added that while wanting to normalise relations with the east, Yugoslavia would continue its good relations with the west.

Did You Hear That?

GREAT ENGLISH CRICKETER

ONE OF ENGLAND'S best-known cricketers, Gilbert Jessop, died on May 11, within a week of his eighty-first birthday. Some of Jessop's great cricketing moments for Cambridge, Gloucester, and England were recalled in 'Radio Newsreel' by one of his distinguished cricketing contemporaries, C. B. FRY.

'Before Jessop in Test match cricket there had been great hitters, sure and simple', he said, 'but no one was anything like the hurricane performer that Gilbert Jessop was. He would walk out to the wicket, with a Cambridge Blue cap within an inch of his nose, take guard, and as likely as not hit the first ball bowled by the best Australian bowler to square leg for six—even if it came from outside his off stump. He was peremptory and outrageous from the first to the last all of his innings.

'In consequence of this he was called "The Slogger"'. He was nothing of the kind, for no man ever watched the ball more carefully or with more insistence, and no man ever played with more calculated method. It just happened that his method was to fling his bat at the ball as if he were throwing the bat away and get to keep a grip of the handle which applied the blade to the ball with terrific accuracy. He did miss the ball occasionally. When he made his runs he made them at a terrific pace and on the principle that the batsman at the other end did not deserve a chance. He took complete charge, and while he lasted every spectator round the ring sat upright and wondered what would happen next. He was not only called "The Slogger", he was also called "The Croucher". He took his stance at the wicket literally crouching over the handle of his bat, and when the bowler delivered the ball he dipped his head down to within a yard of the ground, and then, having taken a look upwards at the ball, he chased down the wicket and let fly; and neither he nor anyone else knew whether the ball would streak past over point or whether it would be lifted over the square leg boundary.

'The most famous innings in his career was played at the Oval in the last Test match against the Australians in 1902. It was a wet wicket, and the ball travelled badly on the soggy turf. England had lost a batch of her best batsmen and looked like losing the match. Then, out of the Oval pavilion walked this purposeful, energetic, medium-sized figure. In half an hour he had turned the game upside-down. He scored 104 runs against the best Australian bowlers at an incredible speed. When he was out, and walked back to the pavilion with the same buoyancy and composed energy as that with which he had emerged, the match was won. In the whole annals of cricket there has never been so dramatic a reversal of fortune as was perpetrated that day by Gilbert Jessop. And the feat will be remembered as long as cricket is talked about in England'.

SERMONS IN PAINT

An exhibition to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the death of Fra Angelico has been opened in Rome. It is said to be the most complete collection of his works ever assembled. ROBERT STIMSON, B.B.C. Rome correspondent, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'Fra Angelico was born in 1387 in a village near Florence. At the age of twenty he entered the Dominican Convent at Fiesole, and at that time he was known simply as Fra Giovanni, or Brother John. Later he earned the name Angelico, because it was said that he never

painted a Crucifixion without tears streaming down his cheeks, and that he was so occupied with love and ecstasy that he was unable to reproduce what was troubled or evil. Even the wicked judges and executioners of his martyrs have something of the goodness that Fra Angelico saw everywhere. In his picture of the Last Judgement, it is thought that it was not he himself but disciples of his school who portrayed the sufferings of the damned.

'Some sixty paintings by Fra Angelico—almost all of them paintings on wood—have been brought together from many parts of Italy and from other countries. England has made its contribution with a painting

from Sheffield of St. Nicholas and St. Michael. A most happy setting has been chosen in the Vatican Palace—the exquisitely beautiful corridor decorated by Raphael and three rooms adjoining a small chapel where Fra Angelico painted for Pope Nicholas V frescoes that tell the story of the lives and deaths of St. Stephen and St. Laurence. The focal point in the exhibition is this chapel, as peaceful as the Tuscan countryside.

'Fra Angelico took, as a model for his painting, the simplicity and directness of the Evangelists. That, together with his gift of inspiring tranquillity in those who look at his pictures, has won for him the admiration not only of the artistically learned but of ordinary people, who can immediately understand and enjoy his magnificent illustrations of the Gospel stories.

'Here in this exhibition are the lovely Madonnas—pictures with so much light poured into the blues and the reds and the gold, that, as Ruskin said "the colours seem to have come from the wings of the Angels that walked for Fra Angelico under every cypress tree"'.

THE MOSCOW ZOO

THE MOSCOW ZOO

'A strange feature of the Moscow Zoo', said JON MILLER in a Home Service talk, 'is the Children's Corner. This differs from our Children's Zoo in London because in the Moscow one there are no animals. It is a corner of the Zoo where

parents may leave their youngsters in the hands of trained attendants. There they may play on swings and roundabouts, and even large models of ships. This arrangement gives the grown-ups a chance to enjoy the Zoo themselves unhindered. The average Russian appears to have an absorbing interest in animals. In fact, so keen is he to feed anything he can get near to, irrespective of the food value of his offering, that double wiring is the rule rather than the exception in the Moscow Zoo. While I was there the Zoo was crowded; I was told that it remained popular even during the cold Russian winter.

'Incidentally, two things struck me about the Moscow crowds. One was the sameness of the women's clothes—shapeless with no waist-line. From the clothing point of view the children seemed to be the best off. The other thing I noticed was the ease with which the crowd could be drawn to laughter. The slightest piece of unusual behaviour on the part of a monkey or bear would cause a crowd to collect immediately, and the laughter would be uproarious. I found it delightful to see people enjoying a Zoo so much.

'The Moscow Zoo performs various auxiliary functions. Many interesting experiments are being carried out there by way of mixing certain species together, in mutual cages and enclosures, animals that would be natural enemies in wild life—or at any rate unwilling to live in close proximity to one another. Russian zoologists think that if the animals' natural fear can be dispelled by removing the feeling of



Jessop at the wicket

insecurity, there is no reason why some animals that are natural enemies should not live peacefully together in captivity.

'One way of doing this is to bring the animals up together from cubhood, making sure that they are never in want for any of the necessities of life. In many cases this theory has worked, adding much to the exhibiting value of the animals concerned. In the Moscow Zoo you can see Alsatian dogs and lions romping and playing together. One very popular spot in the Zoo is a bear pit where bears and dogs (of mixed breeds) play together with footballs. But these experiments are not always successful'.

A TRIBUTE TO THE OLD NAVVY

'Whenever I travel from Settle to Carlisle', observed WILLIAM MITCHELL in 'The Northcountryman', 'between the austere upper reaches of the Ribble and the broad and fertile valley down which the Eden flows, I marvel at the tenacity of the old Midland Railway Company—and the "constitutions" of the men who built the line. They had rugged bodies and muscles like bands of steel. Summer floods and winter snows did not daunt them, though these veterans admitted that their new homes in the Pennines were in one of the wildest, windiest, coldest, and dreariest localities in the world. They came from all parts of Britain, rejoicing in such names as "Wellington Pincer", and "Policeman Jack". They wore shirts, short, tight knee-breeches, and woollen stockings. Most of them lived in shanty towns—Inkerman, Salt Lake City, Jericho, Sebastopol, and, largest of them all, Batty Wife Hole.

'Clinging mud, cold and dark, was the chief discomfort on Batty Green. When a caravan first made its appearance here in the winter of 1869, for the accommodation of the men who surveyed the route, a man stood outside with a lantern when darkness fell and guided his comrades back across the bog. When the navvies stopped work for the day at 5.30 p.m. they trudged across acres of bog to their lodgings—wooden huts, covered with black felting, hovels of all kinds, even beehives of turf of a type used by early man.

'There were shops at Batty Green, and hawkers came to the shanty town like wasps attracted to a jam pot. The navvies ate vast quantities of beef, and cattle were driven in on the hoof to satisfy their appetites. They drank beer in fantastic quantities. In fact, the ale-can was the cause of nearly all the troubles which beset them. Two Bradford men, James Tiplady and William Fletcher, were appointed by the Bradford Town Mission, at the request of the railway company, as missionaries among the men. Mr. Tiplady lived at Batty Wife Hole where, he reported, were about 100 huts erected for the workmen and their families, comprising 300 or 400 adults and above 100 children. This was in 1870. Some of the navvies were taught to knit by a Quaker lady.

'They fought. Archie Cameron, policeman at Batty Wife Hole, investigated a fatal fight at Dent Head in 1874. The dead man's arms and the side of his chest and ribs were "considerably discoloured, the face and scalp bruised and swollen". Some died through negligence. Dynamite was a new discovery, and the navvies would keep the sticks of explosive in their pockets so that they would be warm when used. One unfortunate man warmed his by placing it in front of a brazier.

'A man who visited Batty Wife Hole at the time the railway was being built afterwards wrote:

The English navvy has his bad points. Very bad points they are, no doubt, but as a rule they have all a common origin. The fountain of all, or almost all, the troubles of an English employer of this description of labour is the ale-can. But with these bad points there are many

elements of the true pith and ring of the English character. Industrious like that of the beehive; sturdy toil such as that which was commanded by the builders of the Pyramids, or the brick-building kings of Nineveh; firm fellowship and good feeling, evinced in subscriptions to sick funds and doctor's bills; clear-headed application of labour to produce definite result. The navvy is a very rough diamond, but when you come to mix with him familiarly and to understand him you come to realise that he is a diamond'.

ENCOUNTER WITH A COBRA

'How many people have managed to survive a face-to-face encounter with a hamadryad, as the King Cobra is often called, I really do not know', said STEPHEN DEWAR in a Home Service talk. 'But if there are any others besides myself, I think they must have got away with the aid of a gun or a rifle. I had only a stick and an umbrella'.

'As a young Assam tea-planter, I was riding one day to an outlying plantation. Suddenly, there in front of me, crossing the road in the brilliant sun, I saw what I thought was a young python, something over two feet long. Here was a lovely chance for a fine skin for the folks at home. I carried a croquet down polo stick and an ancient umbrella. Now he was slowly crossing an open clearing, I jumped off my mare, Rapid Ann, and left her to graze. I ran towards the snake. As I gained on it and raised my stick, the brute paused, turned slightly, and, lifting the front three feet of him in the air, expanded his hood. I saw with absolute horror that it was finished with a pair of spectacle-shaped markings. He was a King Cobra, and a real one at that.

'There was only one thing to do: to stand my ground and chance it was an absolute necessity. Useless to run away although Rapid Ann had done so the moment she grasped the situation. Automatically, my stick came down from the "slash" position to the "ready". The umbrella in my left hand was vaguely feinting "on" to distract him. On the back of my neck the hairs stood up like frills. Then, very gradually, the king of snakes began to advance slowly sliding about a foot towards me. My answer was to move about the same distance towards him, stick in position. Then he stopped, apparently perplexed. He was always the hunter, never hunted. After a pause, he seemed to reconsider the situation and came perhaps another six inches, while the sweat ran down my chest and arms. I copied his move and no more. Fatal to strike at his head and miss, that would bring him on me like a whip. So again he checked, eyes fixed on me, his wicked forked tongue flickering in and out.

'For perhaps two minutes, though time seemed to stand still, we stopped there just staring at each other. Yet I knew he was not perfecting sure of himself. On my side, there was, I suppose, a desperate sort of will-to-live.

'At length, he seemed to tire a little of this incomprehensible creature with one head and a possible sting at the ends of the two arms that seemed to menace him. Very slowly, he began to turn and move away. I did the same, and with what a vast feeling of relief. But he saw me begin my retreat out of the corner of his eye, backed up and came into position once more. Again we had to go through the same performance until nature had played herself out.

'Finally, after a little time, he began what proved to be his last retreat, contracting his great hood. As he wound his sinuous way towards some low rhododendron scrub, making a whirring sort of hum as his scales slid over the grass, I began to stagger home. I never feel quite sure just how my knees and legs got me back to my bungalow'.



An appliqué picture, by Mrs. G. M. Eyles, a prize-winning entry at the exhibition of 'Embroidery of Today and Yesterday' about which Barbara Hooper, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke in 'Radio Newsreel'. The exhibition, containing pieces of historical interest as well as work being done by women—and men—today, is organised by the Embroiderers' Guild, and can be seen at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, London, until June 4

The Police—VII

Beats and Mobile Patrols

By the late JAMES McCONNACH, Chief Constable of Aberdeen, 1933-55*

THE Police Service in this country is made up of many separate forces; the Metropolitan Police, the largest, having a strength of over 15,000. A few counties and cities have forces of between 1,000 and 3,000. The majority of forces have strengths ranging from 100 to 1,000, while a small number—mainly in Scotland—have strengths of under 100.

Police work varies between urban and rural areas, and throughout the whole country the standard of cover afforded varies between one district and another. On that account, and for a variety of other reasons, no formula has been devised for fixing the strength required to police a district. The factors which play a big part when considering the matter are: the size of the area, the size of its population, the characteristics of its population as judged by its record of crime and disorder, the mileage of its streets and roads, and the rateable value of its property. Except for the Metropolitan Police, which is in a category by itself, the number of officers, sergeants, and constables which constitute each police force—known as its establishment—is fixed by agreement between the Home Secretary or the Secretary of State for Scotland and the police authority concerned.

The Beat System

The largest proportion of any establishment is the sergeants and constables employed in uniform in towns or in country districts on what is known as beat duty. The beat system of policing has been in operation with little variation since the policeman in the form we know him today first appeared on the streets of London in September, 1829. The essence of the system is the division of the whole police area into sub-areas known as beats, to each of which a single constable is allocated. Beats are grouped to form sections over which a sergeant has jurisdiction, and sergeants' sections are again grouped into sub-divisions for which an inspector is responsible. In some parts of the country, different names are used to describe the groups and the scale of groupings depends on the size of the force.

The one-man beat has always been the basis of police territorial organisation, the beat constable being personally responsible for policing a particular area, either throughout the twenty-four hours or for a shorter period in urban areas, where a shift system is adopted. The size of the beat varies from a group of villages to a small area in a city which can be patrolled from end to end in thirty minutes. In recent years, cycles, motor-cycles, and motor-cars have been used by single constables on beats where varying distances have to be travelled, but most of the travelling done on a beat was, and still is, on foot. Whatever the nature of the beat, the business of the constable allocated to it is fundamentally the same everywhere: the protection of life and property, the prevention and detection of crime, the control of traffic, accident prevention, and the maintenance of order. Different methods of working beats are followed in different forces, but no matter what method is followed the success of the system depends on the ability, keenness, and goodwill of the individual constable.

In country areas it is customary for the constable to follow an itinerary covering the several villages, hamlets, or groups of houses in his area, changing from day to day the order in which the points are visited and the time of day or night which is allocated to patrolling his beat. The introduction of cycles, motor-cycles, and cars has altered the work of the country constable considerably and enabled the working of his beat to be planned on the actual work to be done, and not on the area he can cover on foot in a day.

In towns, beats are usually fully built-up and the methods which have been used to ensure that they are given the attention they should get have changed but little in the past 100 years. Till about twenty-five years ago, the almost universal method used was for each constable to be told the exact route he was to follow and the times he should reach particular points on his beat. It is known as the 'fixed route' method and, although it has been abandoned in most forces, some—which claim to be progressive—still adhere to it.

The most popular method now is the 'discretionary working' method,

with or without fixed points or times. Under this method only the area is defined and each constable decides entirely for himself how he covers his beat. This discretion may be limited by the fact that he has to be at certain fixed points at certain fixed times, or, again, each constable may be required to telephone to his operational centre at certain predetermined times but he is free to choose for this purpose any point on his beat where a telephone is available.

In addition to the cover given by the man on the beat, constables are allocated to patrol certain areas which for one reason or another require special attention. These areas may simply be a length of street, may be quite small, or may be large enough to overlap parts or the whole of several beats. The idea is to give the special area that extra attention which it demands. These constables are known as 'patrols' and may be employed singly, in pairs, on a cycle or in cars equipped with radio and are sometimes accompanied by a member of the C.I.D.

So far I have been reviewing the position as it has developed gradually for more than a century, and I now come to the point where a question can properly be put: 'Are we making the best use of the men we have and, if we are not, then what can we do about it?'

There is no one in this country who knows what is happening in every police force, although there are a few who have a good idea of what is happening in a number of places. My own knowledge may be limited, but in my forty years' police service I have had many opportunities of getting to know how the other fellow is doing his job. The British Police Service is notoriously conservative in its habits. There is a reluctance to change anything that is likely to bring criticism from the public; for instance, the manner in which the constable on the beat performs his duties. In the more recently formed departments of the Police Service not bound by tradition, a good deal of window-dressing is done. The idea of this, one is inclined to think sometimes, is to draw attention away from the basic work of the street policeman and give the impression of a standard of efficiency of the whole force concerned, which is open to question.

It is with the man on the beat that I am concerned here and I propose to pin-point some aspects of his work which, in my opinion, require attention. There should be constant and ample contact between the public and the police at all levels of society as well as at all levels in the Police Service. The main contact with the public has always been provided by the beat constable, and in the days when there were plenty of policemen who did not cost very much they were spread, according to today's standards, almost extravagantly over the ground. So often one finds a reluctance on the part of police officers to appreciate that the cover given in the past cannot be provided today. In the first place, it is economically unsound to attempt it; an ordinary constable may not be paid it, but with housing, uniform, pension and other commitments, he costs the public not far short of £1,000 a year. He must, therefore, be employed with due regard to his economic value, and, as conditions in every sphere of industry have improved, so must his actual working conditions be considered as well as his pay packet.

Complaints of Monotony

In view of the improved working conditions outside the Service, the present generation of young men who are joining the police are not willing to tolerate the conditions under which their forefathers worked and which still exist in some forces. Where there is plenty of activity on a beat, where there is work to do, then the men concerned—if their hearts are in their jobs—will be happily occupied. Busy beats are in a minority in all police districts, so one often finds the energetic man working a beat for long periods, months at a time, with little of interest on it. Naturally he complains of the monotony of his job. There is a small minority of constables who will find something of interest no matter where they are sent to work. They are so exceptional that they are seldom posted to the backwaters but to where there is work to do.

Another factor which acts against making the best use of the men is the lack of initiative shown in the application of the shift system which the man on the beat must work. In urban areas a shift system must be

* This talk was written by Mr. McConnach before his death in January and was read by his son, Mr. Bruce McConnach

operated to provide men for duty at all times in the twenty-four hours. In some police forces there is a strict adherence to a rotation of hours of duty which makes the constable spend half his working life on night duty; in other forces, and they are in the majority, the men are more fortunate and have to spend one-third, while others, more fortunate still, spend only one-fifth or less. This last category work on what is known as a multi-shift system. In recent years, much publicity has occasionally been given in the police press that a force has changed over to a multi-shift system from the orthodox three-shift system. So much has been written about it on those occasions, that to the uninformed it would appear that something new had been discovered. I will say no more than that multi-shift systems have been in use in some forces for thirty years and more.

Examination of 'Lock-up Property'

I am now going to deal with another aspect of police duty which is bound up with tradition—the examination of 'lock-up property'. It has been customary in this country, but not in any other that I know, for the police to examine as often as was practicable, sometimes every hour, premises of all descriptions which are left unoccupied after business hours and at week-ends. This property is known in police circles as 'lock-up property'. This examination is to ensure that the occupier has locked the doors and secured the windows of his premises before he goes home. While premises are frequently found to have been left in an insecure state by the occupier, it is seldom that the constable finds them to have been interfered with.

This examination of premises, which also included occupied private houses in one town I know, has nearly always been done according to a rigid and almost ritual formula. As a result the criminal can, in most police districts today, move with comparative freedom by making a study of the constable's movements. In some cases the action of the constable may deter the would-be shop- or warehouse-breaker by the fear of being caught red-handed, but I question if the never-changing routine examination of 'lock-up' premises does really succeed in providing the protection to property which it aims to do. I am dwelling on this matter at some length because it occupies the attention of the constable on evening and night duty out of all proportion to what, in my opinion, is justified by the results. In any case, it is so seldom that important business premises are broken into from a point to which the police have access that it makes the police examination appear futile. There is a fear on the part of most police officers of criticism by the public on the score that premises to which the police have access have been broken into during the night and have not been detected by the police but by the occupier himself when he arrives at business next day. In some police circles the fuss that is made of such incidents has to be experienced to be believed. It is considered a most serious reflection on the efficiency of the police—a view which I certainly do not share. When policemen cost so much, is it an economical proposition to employ them on duties which could be covered by any reliable person acting as a watchman? If it is to be insisted upon that the doors and windows of premises be given so much attention, then let us revert to the employment of the 'Charlies' of last century. Better still, where the contents of the premises justify it, insist on the fitting of one of the types of burglar alarm systems which give due notice to police headquarters of the fact that premises are being interfered with, without giving the intruder any idea that he has set off the alarm. I understand insurance companies give generous terms to policy-holders who fit that type of alarm. I do not advocate the abolition of the care of property by the beat constable. He can still do much, but a changed outlook on the subject is long overdue.

Earlier in this talk I referred to some of the methods employed by the constable in working his beat. The methods I described are those normally employed, except that today more forces are superimposing motor-car patrols on the discretionary method of working. There is another method or system of policing an urban area, pioneered in Aberdeen in 1948, which has been adopted by a few other forces both in this country and abroad. Under this system the main work is still done by the constable on foot, but he is given a much wider interest than his own beat. The territorial unit ceases to be the beat, it becomes the sergeant's sector which comprises the equivalent of from nine to twelve beats. This area is under the charge of the sergeant himself with usually nine constables operating as a group and forming a 'team'. Hence this method of policing is known as the team system. The policing of the sector is performed by the team according to the demands for the services of the police, be they of a preventive character or to deal with complaints as and when they arise. To each team is

allocated a motor-car fitted with a radio transmitter and a receiver giving a two-way radio telephone service direct to every point on the police telephone system. The car crew normally consists of two or three of the nine constables allocated to the sector, one of them being the driver and, possibly for a good part of his tour of duty, the sergeant himself.

Constables are posted to do whatever police duty requires to be done. They may be left to patrol areas in the same manner as a beat constable used to do—either for a whole tour of duty or just for an hour or two. In certain areas they may use cycles provided for the purpose. A high degree of trust is placed upon the men and they are encouraged to do all they can to get to know the public and *vice versa*. On night duty, 'lock-up property' is still examined but in as unsystematic a manner as possible, attention being paid in the main to premises containing property likely to interest the lawbreaker. Shock tactics are not employed which I will not detail. The criminal does not know where the police are, and the streets are not left so that unobserved movement can take place. Varying methods are employed in policing the whole sector, giving all the constables variety and interest, providing a high degree of flexibility, and giving the public prompt service wherever and whenever it is wanted. Morale is good and recruiting difficulties are few and far between. Relations between the public and the police are good, and the almost complete absence of complaints by the public after seven years' experience of this system of policing indicates that they are obtaining the service they expect, and they have every appearance of being satisfied.

There is one more aspect of this question of the best use of our manpower which I wish to deal with: the employment of police officers on civilian duties for which neither police powers nor experience is required. This is certainly receiving much more attention throughout the country than it used to do, but almost everywhere the conservative outlook in the Police Service still keeps police officers employed on work which has been done in some forces for many years by civilian employees, for whom no height or other physical standards are needed. In all my service, I have never known of a case where the reliability or the trustworthiness of a civilian employed in a police department has been questioned more than if he or she had been a duly appointed police officer.

Civilian Duties

Civilians are employed as radio engineers, as motor mechanics, and as drivers of non-operational vehicles. Civilian male and female clerks are employed on filing duties, in the preparation of pay lists, on record-keeping, and they take charge of the lost and found property department. Civilian typists undertake the preparation of almost all reports and cases, including those of the beat constable and the C.I.D. Civilians act as telephone and radio-telephone operators and take care of all prisoners, male and female. The use of civilian adult patrols in controlling school children at street crossings over a period of years has relieved the police of an important duty. In some police areas, the use of civilian patrols will not be countenanced. Why, I cannot understand.

In this country with its varying conditions, it may be rash to generalise, but the experience of the few forces which have broken away from the orthodox methods in policing their respective police districts shows only too clearly that not only can better use be made of the men we have, but that it can be done on an economically sound basis and, at the same time, give the service which the public expect.

—Third Programme

One of the most ambitious publishing ventures since the end of the war is nearing completion. Only one more volume of the *Oxford Junior Encyclopedia* is needed to complete the planned twelve (not counting the general index) now that Volume VIII, *Engineering* (Oxford University Press, 30s.), is in the bookshops. It maintains the high standard of its predecessors. Everything to do with the making of tools and machinery, the utilisation of power, and the resources of various kinds of engineering is lucidly described by experts. The encyclopedia, though intended for children, is not a toy. The article on nuclear energy, for example, is as concisely clear as anything the layman will find on the subject. The three main ways of making steel (to choose another subject at random) are described with an ease that conceals the complexity of the information being communicated. The editors, obviously, have set high stylistic standards for their contributors; and this insistence, together with plenty of good photographic and line illustrations, has ensured success. The present volume, like all the others in the series, is splendidly produced, with a strong binding that will stand up to the constant use to which, in homes and schools, it will certainly be put.

The Ocean's Coastline

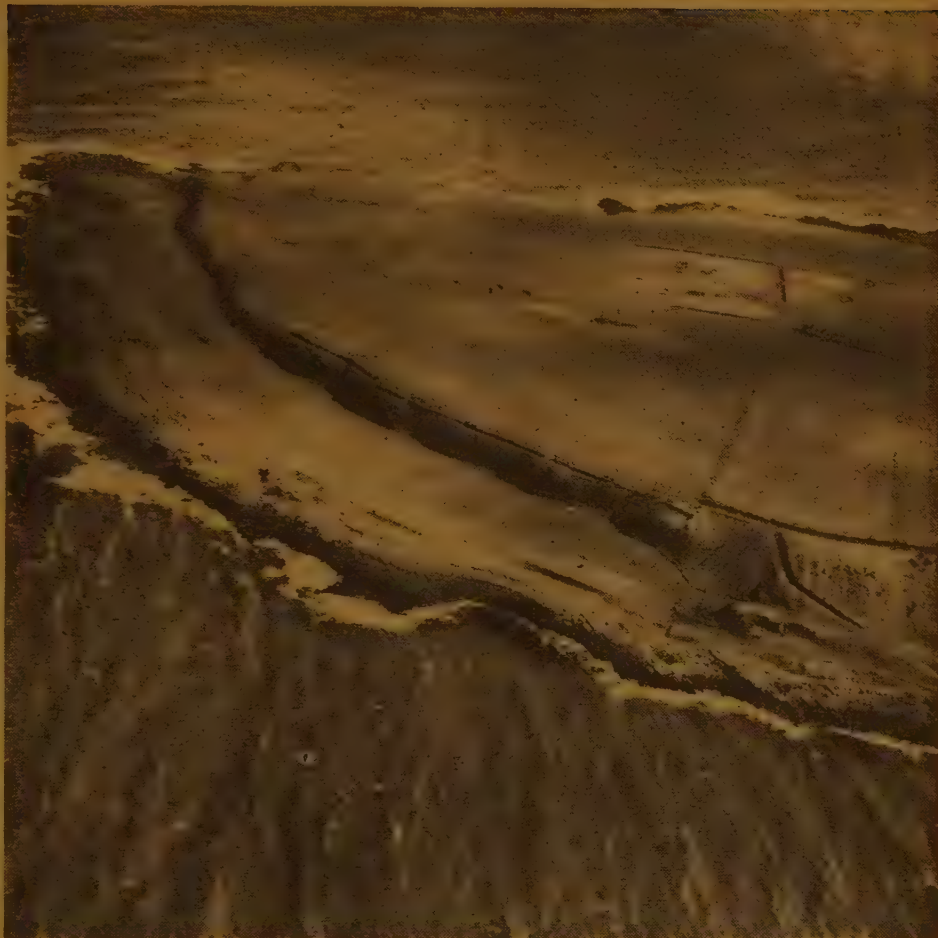
By J. A. STEERS

THE great surge and floods that devastated much of our east coast on the night of January 31—February 1, 1953, will long be remembered. For a few weeks the whole nation became conscious of its coast, and parliament appointed a departmental committee to enquire into the cause of the surge and to make recommendations for future action. That committee reported in April, 1954, and later two standing committees were appointed and are concerned largely with tidal phenomena and with sea-defence research.

Workers in many branches of knowledge are concerned in coastal problems, and I am speaking from the geographer's point of view. My own introduction to coastal work began in 1923 when I made a study of Orford Ness, in Suffolk. It was soon evident that in such a study history and ecology should be given equal weight with purely physical investigations. Careful tracing of the numerous ridges that make up this formation gave a clue to the way in which the spit was built, but presented little or no idea of the time involved for its development. Moreover, any simple average figures for its longitudinal growth are of small value. But, fortunately, there exists for this part of the Suffolk coast a number of valuable records and maps, especially a detailed survey by Norden, which dates from 1601. These enabled me to connect historical and physical evidence and so to get a reasonable notion of the growth and evolution of Orford Ness.

This interrelation is now taken for granted. But there is room for much more work of a similar nature. In places like Dungeness, the district around Sandwich in Kent, the Culbin Sands on the Moray Firth, the Forvie Sands near Newburgh at the mouth of Ythan, the dune areas of South Wales, much light is thrown on the evolution of the coastal features by a study of both history and prehistory. Moreover, there is little doubt that as local records become better known more evidence for these and other places will become available.

Documentary evidence may also help in another problem. In the Isles of Scilly, in the Outer Hebrides, and elsewhere, there is evidence of a very recent change of level . . . a change shown by the position of walls and modern peat beds in relation to sea-level. In the Lower Thames, there is good evidence that from Bronze Age times there has been a slight but probably continuous subsidence. In historical times this is shown by the constant raising of the sea-walls, and nowadays it is detected by tidal records. The rate of movement today is of the order of eight to twelve inches a century. It appears to die away northwards and there seems little doubt that parts of Scotland are rising slightly, but in the far west and north, in the Outer Hebrides, Orkney and Shetland, there may be a reverse movement. Doubtless, this slight tilting is connected with the Ice Age, and it is possible that it is partly



A raised beach at Larne, Northern Ireland

Aerofilms

due to an actual rise of sea-level, and partly due to a local sinking of the land.

But, after all, it is only the last of a long series of changes that have taken place since the oncoming of the Ice Age, to say nothing of the

many changes of earlier times. It is well known that the lower submerged features we find around this country suggest a recent rise of sea-level of the order of 200 feet. Of possible greater movement, such as may have been associated with the submarine canyons which occur off France and Spain, and many other places, and with the high level surfaces, called Upland Plains, of this and other countries, I am not going to speculate here. On the other hand, submerged forests or peat beds are inextricably involved with raised beaches which are particularly well developed in Scotland and to a lesser extent in north, west, and south England. In Scotland, coast roads often follow the



Creek in the salt marshes on Scott Head island, Norfolk

lower raised beaches for miles—and 'raised beach' means not merely a raised sand or shingle formation but also a platform cut in solid rock and anything from a few feet to a hundred or more yards wide.

But, despite existing descriptions and discussions that have been held on these features, they are in some respects still a puzzle. Take two examples: fine beach platforms exist almost all the way round Arran, and completely encircle the small island of Great Cumbrae. Both islands are in the Firth of Clyde, and neither is exposed to open ocean conditions, and considerable parts of each island are in very sheltered water. How, then, have these platforms been formed? It is extremely difficult to appreciate that the sea, fifteen to thirty feet higher than it is today, cut these terraces in such sheltered areas. The western side of Arran faces the narrow Kilbrennan Sound; there is less than two miles of water between Cumbrae and the Ayrshire coast; and in the upper waters of the Firth of Lorne and Jura it is particularly hard to understand how waves, even in rough and stormy weather and at a higher sea level, could have cut the platforms that we find in those places.

At What Levels Are Platforms Cut?

Another curious point is that we have no positive information of the level at which platforms are cut. Since wave action is undoubtedly more effective at high water, it seems reasonable to argue that they are cut then, and later raised up; but the problem is a complicated one. Nor does any precise information exist about the rate at which they are cut, or even if the waves of the present sea have had time to gnaw into the platform and begin the formation of a new one at a lower level.

A variation of this problem occurs in many parts of England. Along the coast of Kent and Sussex there is a fine platform cut in the chalk. It seems to be mainly of present-day origin; it is certainly covered at high water, and the cliffs in its rear are being eroded. Along the north coast of Devon and Cornwall a magnificent platform is cut in hard and much folded rocks. Again, the reasonable assumption is that it is a product of present-day conditions. But when we compare it with similar features in South Wales, where there are also many remains of raised beaches, we are bound to think that the platforms on the Cornish side are, to some extent at least, the outcome of earlier conditions and of somewhat different levels of land and sea.

Platforms and cliffs go together. Once again, we are apt to take too much for granted. A cliff facing the open ocean only too easily suggests cause and effect. In many cases, the cliff is probably a simple eroded form. By definition a cliff is a steep slope, and it does not follow that if a cliff faces the sea it is simply the product of marine erosion. A visitor to the west coast of Scotland, for example, would not find it easy to state exactly the role of marine erosion round the island of Skye; yet there are cliffs almost all round it.

In all this it is only too easy to forget the adjacent sea-floor. We cannot see it, and we need far more detailed maps of it if we are to understand our coasts fully. What is more, we badly need information of the movement of sand and shingle over it. On any coast where conditions allow plants to grow, the interrelation of physiography and ecology is interesting. But in areas of dune, salt marsh, and shingle, the study of both is essential. Everyone is familiar with the growth of Marram grass on dunes. The upward and lateral extent of the plant is closely allied with the sand supply. Many eroded dunes have been replanted with this grass, and if the sand supply is good the grass grows rapidly and may soon heal a breach. It would seem worth while that experiments should be made to find if it is possible to produce a yet quicker growing plant, or one tolerant of sea-water, or even one that can cope more effectively with a poor and inadequate sand supply. Any plant growth that can aid dune accumulation is to be welcomed.

Plant Growth on Shingle

Plant growth on shingle is often considerable, although it is not so effective. But there is plenty of scope for investigations that might have great value in local coast protection. Many plants spread mat-like on shingle, and in other parts of the world shingle beaches are often covered with creeping plants. There is scope, under properly controlled conditions, for investigating the adoption of some of these in this country.

Nature herself has perhaps all too successfully demonstrated what can be done on salt marshes. In 1870 the rice grass called *Spartina townsendii* first appeared on the south coast. It is common knowledge that the grass has spread rapidly in Poole Harbour, Southampton Water, and elsewhere. It is an admirable coloniser of soft and sloppy

mud. Small patches planted at Blakeney have already spread to an alarming extent, and here and elsewhere the plant has become a menace. But it is well suited for the reclamation of certain areas, and it may be possible to encourage its growth in front of sea walls in favourable positions, and so cause the waves to lose much of their effective power before they reach the wall at high water. Rice grass is but one plant of the salt marshes. All have the effect of accumulating mud and silt and so of raising the level of the marsh. There are few better places to study the changes that take place, often in a surprisingly short time, as a result of the interaction of vegetation and water laden with mud and silt, than in sheltered localities where marsh growth is possible.

I have spoken so far only of our own coasts. They may be taken as representative of those of temperate latitudes, but allowance must be made for differences in vegetation. In the tropics we must bear in mind two other major factors: the growth of coral and what is called lithification of beaches. Whilst there are great differences in appearance between a mangrove swamp and an East Anglian salt marsh, there is no particular difference in function: in both, the vegetation is collecting mud and building up the coast. But there is nothing in colder latitudes to compare with a coral reef. A reef may act as a great sea wall or even as a promenade. Fringing and barrier reefs may both protect a coast. The Great Barrier Reefs off the Queensland coast are in places fifty to eighty miles or more from the shore, and since the prevailing winds blow somewhat obliquely across the broad channel, the erosive power of the waves is often great. One of the most striking features about the Queensland coast is the presence of cliffs where the protecting reefs are far distant, and their absence when the reefs draw near to the coast.

Lithification of beach sands takes place as the result of the precipitation of carbonate of lime from solution in sea-water. Why this happens is not fully understood, since round many small coral cays in many parts of the world the beaches are not always lithified all round the island, but usually on their windward sides. But once lithification has taken place, the beach becomes hard and resistant, and many examples exist from which a cay has, in a storm, been swept out of its protective frame. I have seen them in Australia and the West Indies. The formation of beach rock seems to be almost confined within the upper and lower tidal limits—allowing perhaps a little for wave splash.

Tidal Range

The tidal range on a beach, wherever it may be, is a factor of great significance. It is clear to any seaside visitor that bigger waves reach the shore at high water. They can be powerful erosive agents, and because so much more water is driven on shore it must escape by some form of return current, which may carry away with it much material. What is more, bigger waves stir up the fairly shallow water off the beach, and if a strong tidal current is running, vast quantities of sand and fine material are carried along. On the shore the waves themselves are the agents of transport, and much may depend on the direction from which they approach. Most damage occurs in storms, especially if the wind is more or less directly on shore. And the damage is likely to be greater if a storm coincides with a spring tide.

Apart from the natural problems, the geographer is also concerned with those of a more human nature. I often wonder if it is not a pity that the great storm surge of 1953 did not take place in 1923, soon after the first world war. Our coastline then, from the human point of view, was in a very different condition from what it is now. The surge of 1953 did great damage to life and property in many places, some of which were so low lying with respect to sea-level that it may well be asked if building should ever have been allowed on them. In short, had the surge occurred thirty years earlier, should we not have learned to treat our coastline properly? In 1923, seaside bungalows were comparatively rare, and many unsightly lines of cliff-top houses did not exist. Between the wars the attraction of our coast rightly increased, but unfortunately reasonable control of building was not everywhere exercised. Many miles of good sandy beaches, cliffs, and salt marshes were disfigured by shacks and tawdry buildings. We have on one coast, and that is a line or narrow strip. I am no advocate of hard-and-fast planning at other people's expense, but it would have been possible for a far-seeing person to convince authorities of the danger of disfigurement of our coast, and to show how the ever increasing number of people who now visit and stay on the coast could do so in such a way that it remained for the most part unspoiled.

Apart from shacks and untidy housing schemes, much of our coast

is, from the amenity point of view, seriously blemished by industrial and even governmental activity of one kind and another. This is often unavoidable, and let us remember that industry has as much right to the coast as has urban or rural development: so also have the services for certain forms of activity. What matters is to keep a just proportion between these demands, and also, wherever any 'unnatural' development takes place, to make it tone in with the environment as much as possible.

Geographers, no matter what their particular interest may be, are—or should be—much concerned with our coasts, since they present so many interesting problems: physical, human, economic, and historical. The study of the physical problems, both in the field and, as far as practicable, in the laboratory, affords wide scope, since so much of our existing knowledge on these matters is arbitrary. We need far more information about the movement of material both on and off shore; we want to know how it varies with winds and waves and tidal streams, and with combinations of these and other factors. The geographer is much concerned with them, but it is by no means his province only.

The engineer and others are all involved. All are seeking to understand the truth, and in doing so are pursuing different routes. This is all to the good.

The more I have seen of our own and other coasts, the more I have been impressed with the amount of work there is to be done on them, and I believe with conviction that much of that work should be attempted by geographers. I say this, not to make any sweeping claim of their powers, but because by their training they should be able to appreciate an area, a region, and envisage the interworkings of its various parts. But we must seek fully the help of, and give fully to, our colleagues in engineering, geology, ecology, and allied subjects. At best, we can contribute only a limited, although an essential, part to the understanding of the coast. My own experience has convinced me, however, that there are many problems associated with it that can be unravelled only by a co-operative effort. I believe that there is much to be said for a large experimental area on the coast, where many problems could be investigated on a natural scale. Parts of some of our shingle, dune, and marsh coasts would lend themselves well for this purpose.

—Third Programme

Good Behaviour

The first of three talks by HAROLD NICOLSON

HAVING just finished a book on Manners, I should like to communicate to you a few of the general reflections which this study has suggested. I should explain that my book is neither a work on social history nor a manual of etiquette. It will be entitled *Good Behaviour*, and it is an attempt to examine and compare the successive types of civility that different civilisations have evolved. It will be agreed, I suppose, that a mature society, on entering a period (and it may be, as with fifth-century Athens, a short period) of external security combined with a comparatively stable political and economic equilibrium, achieves a type of civility peculiar to itself. By this I mean that a type, a model, an exemplar, of behaviour is produced which is regarded not merely as admirable in itself but as expressive and representative of the best cultural values and the highest ethical ideals of the community as a whole.

Although these successive types of civility differ from each other in the emphasis they throw upon certain human qualities and aptitudes, they have all two factors in common. In the first place, the pattern of behaviour is always set by an educated minority, possessed of sufficient intelligence and leisure to reflect upon behaviour and to design the sort of pattern conducive to the sort of behaviour which they, with their special background of tradition, thought, and feeling, consider to be appropriate. In the second place, this pattern of culture is, almost invariably, imitated by other sections of the community and ends by becoming characteristic of the society or the civilisation as a whole. The minorities who create these patterns may be but a fraction only of the community. Thus the free-born citizens of Athens who created in the fifth century the type of Kalos Kagathos numbered 21,000 only in an estimated population of 10,000 resident aliens and 100,000 slaves: nor is it to be supposed that of the 21,000 free citizens any but a small minority were really interested in behaviour, general ideas, or the somewhat exacting arguments of Socrates. Yet this small minority within a space of eighty years evolved and defined a type of civility which posterity is still obliged to admire as both beautiful and good.

Nor is it invariable that this process of imitation proceeds downwards from the upper class, through the middle class, and so, in the process of generations, to the lower class. In Germany, for instance, it was the middle, the academic, the professional classes who set the pattern for the aristocracy, even as in England from 1830 onwards it was the middle class created by the Industrial Revolution who set the tone of respectability imitated in 1860 by the land-owning classes. I am aware, incidentally, that it is most old-fashioned of me and may seem outrageous to use such terms as upper and middle class, when I ought to speak of income brackets; but the terms are convenient and not employed with any snobbish intent.

It is interesting to observe also that, whereas good manners, in that essentially they reflect the intelligence of the heart, are, or ought to be, in a constant state of fluctuation, changing as social relationships change,

bad manners remain comparatively constant. Politeness, *bien-séance*, good form, or whatever you choose to call them, ought to adapt themselves to the conditions of each successive generation. Impoliteness or bad form, on the other hand, appear to be comparatively stable conditions, devoid of such adaptability. Thus the man of fashion of the fifth century before Christ was, and ought to have been, totally different from the man of fashion of 1955; yet those parasites of bad civility, the bore and the snob, are immutable and eternal. The bore described by Theophrastus or Horace is indistinguishable from the bores whom we all endure in our daily lives today.

Although, therefore, good behaviour, being the reflection of certain transient conditions, must always change and vary, and although it is difficult to judge of past standards if influenced by the prejudices and affections of our own age, it is, I think, possible to distinguish between what might be called 'good' types of civility and what might be called 'bad' types. In making such distinctions I apply three tests. First, is this type mobile or static? In other words, is it both flexible, and as such adaptable to alterations in social status and relationships, and imitable—in other words, easily passed on to the mass of the community? My second test is: does it facilitate intercourse between human beings or render that intercourse complicated, elaborate, and embarrassing? My third test is: is its effect on human character liberating or restrictive—does it encourage the expansion of all our faculties or does it develop certain faculties only at the expense of others?

No known type of civility, when submitted to these three tests, gains absolutely top marks. There is always some aspect of human behaviour which is unduly emphasised and some other equally important aspect that is ignored. Yet I think we can say that the preferable is always preferable to the static, the easily imitable always preferable to the esoteric, the flexible always preferable to the elaborate, and the elastic always preferable to the rigid.

Thus I regard as bad those stereotyped patterns of behaviour which prevailed in the French court during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries or which were imposed, even in my own lifetime, in the Middle, and especially in the Far East. With them manners degenerated into customs and customs into etiquette. The moment behaviour becomes clique behaviour it becomes, not static merely, but exclusive. Thus, whereas it took several generations before a French bourgeois could, without becoming ridiculous, acquire by imitation the manners of Versailles or Marly; whereas it was difficult for a Canton merchant to learn the elaborate etiquette prescribed for mandarins; it was quite easy for Phaëdo, once he had purchased his liberty, to mix as an equal in the Socratic circle, and quite easy for Joseph Addison to assume the pomp and the manners of an English aristocrat.

China, for instance, has conferred immense benefits on the world in art, in literature, in philosophy, in science. It is, in fact, a miracle that a certain pattern of behaviour should have succeeded in imposing

itself over so vast and disparate a community for so many centuries of time. Yet when we read the books on Chinese etiquette we are amazed that so intelligent a people should have adopted a code of deportment seemingly so destructive of individual dignity and so utterly wasteful of precious time. Superb as may have been the philosophic ideas of Confucius, who after all was a contemporary of Plato, his ideas on manners and deportment seem to us too rigid and artificial to have engaged the study and attention of serious men. Confucius taught his disciples that it was bad form, when out driving, to look behind one; that one's mat should always be at right angles to the wall; and that in deportment and manner they should always observe what he called 'the elegant regulations of antiquity'. We are told by his biographers that his conduct when at court was an example to all beholders. After kow-towing to his master, we are told, Confucius did not permit his features to assume 'a satisfied expression' until he had descended from the first step up to the throne. 'When', we are told, 'he had reached the bottom step, he would hurry to his place with his arms stretched out on each side of his body as if they were wings'. On resuming his seat his manner and expression indicated what was called 'respectful uneasiness'. On the rare occasions when his master allowed Confucius to carry the sceptre his manner became strange indeed. 'His countenance', we are assured, 'seemed to change and to become apprehensive. He dragged his feet one after the other, as if they were tied by something to the ground'.

If such were the theatricals indulged in by a great philosopher, what must have been the histrionics and genuflections practised by lesser mandarins? We have only to read the Chinese manuals on etiquette to realise that the whole pattern of behaviour was stereotyped, unchanging, artificial, terribly difficult either to imitate or to

learn. It was, in fact, static and exclusive and therefore bad. In France, again, under the system perfected by Louis XIV etiquette became an end and not a means, thereby failing to render human intercourse more affable or easy, and rendering it infinitely competitive, jealous, suspicious, vain. I am aware that the court ceremonies imposed at Versailles were a deliberate part of the policy of Louis XIV, who had been terrified by the menace of the Fronde and was determined to keep his courtiers under constant surveillance. In place of political functions or responsibility he accorded them grandeur. It says much for the force of his personality that he succeeded in imposing this intolerable myth upon men and women who after all cannot all have been complete nit-wits.

We have only to read Saint-Simon to see, first, that he was an observant, clever little man, and, second, that he surrendered his intelligence completely to the false scale of values which court etiquette created and enforced. Saint Simon, who was, if it comes to that, not himself of illustrious lineage, could devote pages and pages to dynastic connections, or to small points of precedence and procedure, such as whether so-and-so would be accorded the right of having a footstool, whether so-and-so would be privileged to have his name written in white chalk upon his bedroom door at Marly, whether such-and-such a visiting royalty would be accorded a chair with arms or just a chair. These 300 otiose and esurient courtiers invented a pattern of behaviour which was deliberately devised to segregate themselves from the rest of the nation. Although in their lifetimes magnificent feats were accomplished in literature, art, architecture, they remained chattering in corners, unaware of what was really going on. It was mainly because of this segregation that the heads of their grandchildren fell to the rush and clatter of the guillotine.—*Third Programme*

English Drawing through Three Centuries

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

At home it could hardly be said that appreciation of English drawing is part of our normal experience. Abroad English drawings are not well considered; they are scarcely considered even to exist; the English cannot draw—although some exception is made for Gainsborough and Rowlandson. So far as that dogma is a prejudice, then I also think it is our own fault, because we have been so lax in exploring our own art, so tentative in our response to either English paintings or drawings. And so far as it is not a prejudice, we must agree that English drawing has existed too much away from the centres of the hottest fire of European art.

Perhaps to say that a good drawing has a quality of self-evident truth is only to say that good is good or true is true, and perhaps we should come better at the nature of good drawing by negative means—by saying, for example, that it is not simply correct drawing, or by asking why so much nineteenth-century drawing, from Ingres, even Ingres, to Alfred Stevens or Burne-Jones or Lord Leighton, looks so well for so short a time, and then appears empty, null and cold.

Gerard Manley Hopkins asked himself that same question and he gave a remarkable answer. If the views of poets upon painting or upon all kinds of pictorial art are often pointless or eccentric, let me remind you, before I quote Hopkins, that he could himself

draw with a delightful and convincing apprehension. At a time when criticism of Burne-Jones was heresy, Hopkins looked into his picture and was revolted by what he called their bad, unmastery drawing.

'Masterly execution' was 'the best getting one's thought on paper'; it was conveying life into the work and displaying it there; it was not merely giving a suggestion on paper of a life that had been only in the artist's mind. The artist's business, according to Hopkins, is to bring his creative gift to its puberty, to its manhood of masterly execution, without which nothing survives for long. I like his image, that if masterly execution does not convey the life into the drawing and display it there, 'the product is one of those hen's eggs that are good to eat and look just like live ones, but never hatch'... 'I think', he added, 'they are called wind eggs: I believe most eggs for breakfast are wind eggs and none the worse for it'.

Hopkins is the right man to quote upon drawing for another reason, for the acuity of his own relationship to the world of selected objects. I notice that 'inscape', that famous word or concept of the creative life of Hopkins has crept into Aldous Huxley's recent report of his experiments with mescaline. The drug gave Huxley a hallowed vision of reality. A poor visualiser—he said about himself—with the aid of mescaline Aldous Huxley was able to see the glory of the folds of cloth



'Horse and Horseman', by John Vanderbank (1694-1739)

British Museum

his own trouser-leg, let alone the glory of a table and of flowers, in a way that reminded him, I suppose, of Hopkins; reminded him, perhaps, of Hopkins praising the inscape of drapery in paintings by Mantegna.

Needing no mescaline, Hopkins experienced the absolute being, the absolute is-ness of objects. Objects appeared to him to have a glory, glory given to the god who created them. Needing mescaline, Aldous Huxley could also decide, in his terminology, this absolute is-ness, this absolute being which he now beheld, had its own sacramentality. The wind eggs, the drawings which do not hatch, come from those artists, equipped with a correctness of drawing if you like, but lacking that hallowed mescaline vision of the inscapes of this world.

Therein a tree drawn by Claude Lorrain or by Constable or Samuel Palmer differs from a drawing of a tree often reproduced and long held to be a *ne plus ultra* of vision, that cold lemon tree drawn exquisitely—but exquisitely is not enough—by Lord Leighton.

I do not mean, and Hopkins did not mean, that good drawing is a matter simply of relationship between art and nature. There are several ways of explaining this. I think of Chirico writing about Courbet, interpreting his 'realism', so-called, as anything but realistic, and remarking that what the artist sees with his eyes open is important, but that what he sees with his eyes shut is even more important. These two beholdings interact, and form the personal beholding, the personal style of the draughtsman. Allan Ramsay, one of the most delicious draughtsmen of the English school, was praised by Vertue the art chronicler for 'true imitation of nature', for the 'easy free likeness' of his portraits, the tenderness of his flesh, and the 'shining, beautiful and clean' qualities of his silks and satins. Drawings in black chalk preserved by the National Gallery of Scotland exemplify this naturalism: a hand entrancingly rests upon a book or holds a scroll, a woman's arm emerges firmly and tenderly from a sleeve; yet Walpole wrote of his art as 'all delicacy'; and Ramsay in his liking for the natural, but also in his elegance, in his delicacy, himself rejected what he called 'Rousseau's Nature—Nature on all fours'—nature's animality or noble savagery, nature unimproved.

Nature in the simpler sense of what is seen takes a priority, in fact, only to the artist's detriment. If Gwen John orders herself to 'impose' her style upon her work, if Whistler says that painting is the poetry of sight, if Charles Keene declares 'I never could do any work without a foundation'—he only says a foundation and no more than a foundation—'from nature', if Samuel Palmer affirms that although creation as well as art and vision must be studied, he will



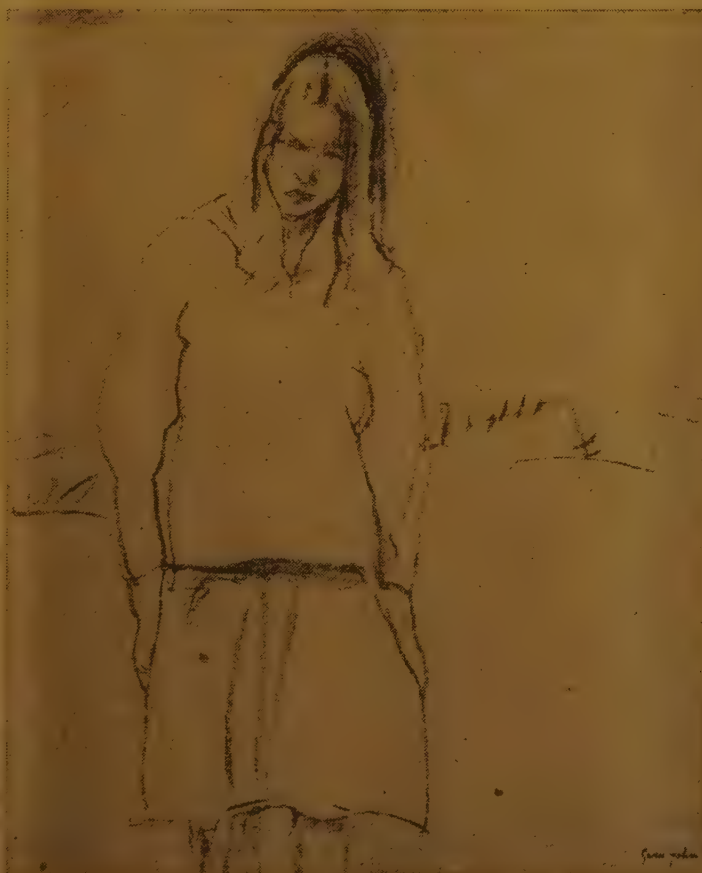
'Reclining Nude', by John Hamilton Mortimer (1741-1779)

By courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

those other draughtsmen who give a suggestion on paper, in that phrase by Hopkins, 'of a life that had only been in the artist's mind'; all those artists who have worked without enough of Keene's 'foundation from nature'. Richard Wilson condemned the extremely mannered foliage of Gainsborough's latest work as 'fried parsley'; Fuseli, having elicited from Blake that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him and told him that one of his works was very fine, had to reply that 'her ladyship has not an immaculate taste'. Contrariwise, if nature is both your starting point and your finishing point, the consequence may be altogether unsacramental, altogether incohesive facsimiles such as we are given in the drawing and the painting of the Pre-Raphaelites.

Yet I must add that the clairvoyance, the mescaline vision of the sacramental object, the grasping of inscapes of which the good draughtsman is always capable in his good moments, is normally accompanied by the selective apprehension of form, that sure sense of what to emphasise by omission and arrangement; and by an ability to profit unslavishly from other men's drawing—from the drawing of the great forerunners, which, as the draughtsman examines it, must also be counted among the objects or configurations of nature.

So where is English drawing strong, and where is it weak? Protest or no protest, we must brush aside the wind-egg artists, such eclectic draughtsmen, for example, as Alfred Stevens. Admiration for the drawing of such men cannot be excused as a case of *de gustibus*, it can only be condemned as a case of no gusto at all, of an incurable misapprehension of the energy, activity, and nature of drawing, indeed of the nature of art. But if I repeat that good drawing has that axiomatic quality, of self-evident truth, if I say with Hopkins that it displays masterly execution, if I say that it conveys a hallowed vision of reality, that it appears to convey the essence of being, I am naming the great qualities, and ones which do recur in English work, from Hilliard



'Girl Standing with Landscape', by Gwen John (1876-1939)

By courtesy of Matthiesen, Ltd.

in the sixteenth century to Cooper in the seventeenth, from Thornhill and Vanderbank, to Constable, Bonington, and Samuel Palmer; from Charles Keene and Gwen John to Christopher Wood and David Jones, and Henry Moore; and I am repeating also a difference between the wind egg and the good drawing—that good drawing involves concern for what is drawn. To draw well is to be deeply concerned, it is not only to have acquired a language of design: the technique of receptivity; the language of drawing is also one of devotion, of expressive feeling, expressive concern.

In English drawing, in one artist after another, I should agree that this technique of expression and concern is too intermittent; not because the artists have lacked the gift, but because drawing as handwriting and drawing as concern have had to struggle among us too much by themselves. We have been too much, in this art, upon the edges of tradition, too intermittently in what I have called the hottest fire of European art, that fire which heats the gift, refines and sensitises the concern, and compels the masterly execution.

The centres of fire and incandescence do not come into being the moment a government or a borough council establishes a college of art; and they are seldom, as we say, national, or as national as they appear when we start giving the epithets of nationalism to schools. Usually, within a single complex—the cultural complex of Europe and the Americas, for example—there has been at one period only one centre of supreme heat and supreme educative power, together with a few suburbs, or sub-centres. So far as I can tell, those English artists who have drawn with least intermittency and with sustained concern and execution, who have come most to that puberty of the creative gift demanded by Hopkins, are the ones disciplined by the supreme centres or affined to those centres in some strong degree. There are exceptions, but that is broadly true. Hilliard visited France; Samuel Cooper was in France and the Low Countries; Ramsay, Wilson, Alexander Cozens, Stubbs, and Fuseli were in Italy. In the time of John Vanderbank, English-born though of Belgian descent, there began that intimacy with French drawing which lasted to Rowlandson, recurred in Bonington, and then after a dismal interval was resumed late in the nineteenth century with Whistler, and Gwen John.

Debt to the Huguenot Influx

I suspect that in drawing we owe more than is yet allowed in histories of art to a Huguenot influx after 1685 and to a strict, and in a way impersonal, training of the pen in connection with Huguenot silk weaving and clockmaking and the crafts of goldsmith and silversmith. Vanderbank, son of the chief arras-maker of the Great Wardrobe, established a London drawing academy in 1720 in conjunction with a French refugee. Hogarth had early contact with Huguenot engravers and goldsmiths, the young Gainsborough worked for a silversmith and was taught by the Parisian draughtsman Gravelot, Stothard was apprenticed to a Spitalfields silk draughtsman, Rowlandson was in Paris as a young man and was also the *protégé* of a Huguenot aunt married to a silk-weaving uncle.

Well and good. Yet, in spite of a great efflorescence of English paintings in the eighteenth century, in spite of the climax reached in the great landscape painters of the early nineteenth century, in the home-trained vision of Turner, Constable, and Palmer, London never developed that self-sufficiency as a school of drawing, a school of concern and execution, which we have observed in the Italian cities, in the cities of the Low Countries and in Paris. It came near to it, perhaps; and matters might have been a little different, had it not been for the cleavage of the Napoleonic wars and the moods of insular self-conceit which ensued and endured through so many decades of the nineteenth century.

In spite of the stature and at times the excellent drawing of Turner and Constable, how instructive to compare the confined range of visual interest or competent draughtsmanship which their drawings betray with the more embracing interest and the more general competence of Gainsborough or Stubbs or Rowlandson before them, or in their own time of Bonington, who accidentally had the luck, in his short life, of working in Paris, and with Delacroix.

Blake, the great poet but least of English draughtsmen, asked that more artists should strive for immortal thoughts, which we might describe as thoughts which have a perpetual vitality, remembering the cautionary myth of asking to be immortal while neglecting to ask for everlasting youth. The good drawing is the recorded thought or moment of perpetual vitality; and not taking a relativist view, I do not believe it a convenient fancy that such recorded moments endure

through the change of notions and beliefs. In drawings we have these moments direct and unadulterate, in an Egyptian drawing of a cat holding a fish, a drawing by Rembrandt or Rubens, in a suit of armour by Bonington, or an elderly pauper delicately and strongly drawn by Gwen John.

A thorough examination of English drawing therefore inclines one—or should do so—to a thorough revision of who is who in English art. It inclines one also to ask questions I am not the first to ask, whether, for example, as historians of English painting we can go on writing with next to no consideration of English draughtsmanship, whether we can maintain fictions about artists whose eminence has rather been in society than in the arts; or whether, for example, we can go on dismissing in a few lines such a draughtsman, such an artist, as Rowlandson as a figure who will not 'fit'. Lesser artists may draw well, no doubt, without being able to sustain their vision through all the stages of a picture. But we should be firm, as we look at English art—and I am thinking of a Reynolds, a Lawrence, or a Watts—that unmasterly drawing, drawing that never does rise above the wind egg, defeats all claim to be a master.—*Third Programme*

The Virgin's Last Petition

(from 'Le Mystère de la Passion', by Jean Michel, 1486)

- Our Lady: O, my son, my God, my Lord,
I thank you very humbly
That you did not entirely
Obey my own desire.
Forgive my frailter fire:
For, in my human need
I so selfishly did plead
For things that cannot be.
Your words are truth to me
And your desires holy,
My own but human folly.
Then grant, out of your knowledge more divine,
Forgiveness for this human ignorance of mine,
Forgiveness for your unworthy servant
Whose mother's love, too fervent,
Did make requests so vain.
- Jesus: They are both kind and human,
And proceed from charity;
But divine sagacity
Decreed it must be otherwise!
- Our Lady: Then grant us, by God's grace,
That you may die an easy death!
- Jesus: I shall die a hard and bitter death.
- Our Lady: But not a shameful or an ugly one!
- Jesus: It shall be ignominiously done.
- Our Lady: Then let it not be here, my son, I beg of thee!
- Jesus: It shall be here, among all those who do love me.
- Our Lady: Then let it be in darkness, and at night!
- Jesus: It shall be done beneath the noon-day light.
- Our Lady: Then may you die as it a Prince behoves!
- Jesus: It shall be on a cross, between two thieves.
- Our Lady: Then let it be in the voiceless earth, our loss!
- Jesus: It shall be done against the heavens, and upon a cross.
- Our Lady: Then let them give you decent covering to wear!
- Jesus: It shall be naked they will nail me there.
- Our Lady: Then let them wait till you are old and near to death!
- Jesus: It shall be finished in the flower of my youth.
- Our Lady: This is most ardent charity!
But, for the honour of humanity,
Let not your blood be shed!
- Jesus: Upon a cross I shall be torn and bled,
And all my bones its wood shall rack,
And upon my mortal back
Men full of evil deeds shall beat.
Then they shall pierce my hands and feet
With holes for nails, and give me greater wounds.
- Our Lady: But to your mother's piteous demands
Give not such stern replies away!
- Jesus: Lady, it must be accomplished what the Scriptures say.

JAMES KIRKUP

Reflections on Captivity

By C. J. HAMSON

THE captivity with which I am concerned is of a highly specialised sort—that of British officers prisoners of war in the hands of the German *Wehrmacht*. The physical hardship of this captivity, comparatively, was severe; on any absolute standard it was plainly much mitigated. Our circumstances were sufficiently easy to make possible for most of us, after a time and with an effort, a tolerable way of living. They were sufficiently rigorous to make it impossible for any of us to continue automatically, as we normally do, in an already established mode of life. What is important is that balance; for it was the condition—for most of us, the necessary condition—of our experience.

An Unimagined Shock

What, then, is for me now the essence and the interest of that experience? This—that it was a catastrophe personal to each of us but suffered communally and together by all of us. It is a great catastrophe to be captured in war, and the more so because nobody, I think, pre-imagines capture. The individual has present to his mind before the event the risk of death and, usually much more vividly, the pain and horror of mutilation; he does not normally preconsider the ignominy of being a prisoner. To be captured means to be subjected to an unimagined shock. And it is a shock supervening upon other considerable shocks. First, the shock of battle. Even for the soldier experienced in war, the tension of battle is appreciable; for the novice—and all my first companions were novices—the shock is incommensurable. And greater than the shock of battle is that of defeat—at least if we participate, as most of us did, in the break-up of any sizable body of men: of a regiment even, of a division, or of an army.

To watch the irruption of this chaos, to see its effect upon our companions, to feel its effect upon ourselves, is to suffer in some sort an annihilation: the very framework in which we lived and operated—at that moment with an unwonted intensity—disappears and we are left stripped and disoccupied as in the immensity of the void. I knew well enough Thucydides' description of the retreat of the Athenian army from the walls of Syracuse; I think I had no understanding whatsoever of the event described until it was re-enacted for me in the bright sunlight amidst the fabulous hills of the island of Crete.

If you survive battle and even defeat without being captured, you are caught up and occupied, so soon as you have recovered from the extenuation and even sooner, with urgent and engrossing business—the business of remaking yourself and your unit as quickly as may be in accordance with the previous pattern. Your mind, which normally is much disinclined to undergo the further pain of recollecting events which are painful, urges you to engage upon this business so that it may itself be diverted from that recollection. The prisoner finds himself wholly without business, unoccupied, idle in the void into which he has fallen. It is this idleness succeeding upon that shock and tension, it is the slow exploration of this void, it is the cautious coming again into being after that annihilation, which constituted for me, and for many if not almost all of my fellow-prisoners, the essence of captivity.

That is a point upon which I wish to insist. I do not relate a singular adventure. The words we each use, the metaphors we call to aid, are particular and personal, perhaps; the experience attempted to be described is as near identical as human experience can be. Indeed, this was one of the great privileges of captivity—that it was possible intelligently to communicate with an astonishing variety of human beings each recognising in the other, through symbols which differed, the attempted expression of one and the same discovery.

The first condition of the prisoner is usually one of daze, in which physical fatigue plays no small part, but, hunger and distress supervening, the condition is likely to be long continued. In this daze the mind is active enough but less consequential than to most persons is normal. Its action then is paralleled by what happens in the pauses of a sustained battle: where it is universal almost for a man to find that he observes, that he seems to himself for the first time actually to see, with a particularity to him surprising, some otherwise trivial

object—a blade of grass, a weed in the cranny of the wall, the shape of a brick, his own hand—as if not belonging to him. 'This living hand, now warm and capable of earnest grasping. . . . See here it is—I hold it towards you': I think Keats did so see his own hand at a time when he believed himself to have not long to live.

Poets indulge in this kind of observation more habitually than others, and painters perhaps also. We mostly have not time in the hurry of our occupations to see things for themselves, as their own, in their singularity: it is enough if we hurriedly recognise them as specimens of the class which we require for our purposes, distinguishing the penny and the half-crown sufficiently and only sufficiently to put the right coin into the slot machine. But upon occasions for most of us normally rare, the thing, even the trivial thing, moves to assume for itself its own being, not hostile necessarily, but subservient no longer, independent, in its own right claiming for itself our attention and indeed imposing itself upon us now in some degree subject to it. For most of us such occasions normally are rare; but not, I think, for the prisoner in his first condition.

Out of the daze he gradually emerged, though for some the emergence was a datable event: for the Cretan group it came some five months after capture, when we joined the main body of the officers, captured in France and already acclimatised to prison. I shall not readily forget the generosity with which they received us—the gentleness, as I would name it, and the forbearance of that reception, though they themselves had no great abundance. And I am very conscious indeed of the great generosity shown to me personally by many of my fellow prisoners, especially by those younger than myself, for whom captivity may well have been more difficult than it was for me.

The mark of the transition was that the prisoner no longer lived from day to day passively largely or with exclusively immediate object, but began to plan so far as he might, and to dispose of himself and of his circumstances over some span of time and with some variety, when so to speak he resolved himself to come to life again and to cope as coherently as might be with his new situation. No doubt in the earliest period also it required attention and direction to continue at all to maintain a physical existence—the burden of that maintenance was at all times heavy in prison; but the coherence of the mind or of the person was, it seems to me now, at the outset small.

It was not at all a worthless experience, that early period; it was odd and strange, illuminating even and most chastening, but it would require for its adequate description a high degree of art. There were many unexpected and general passions—one only I mention because it struck me then as unaccountable; and it was universal: the passion to obtain writing material, paper and pencil—explicable perhaps in my own case, though, even so, unusual in its urgency; but strange indeed for the majority to whom such implements were unaccustomed. And as universal was the deception when some three months after capture we did get pencils and paper, a deception in which I shared. What was it that we so earnestly desired to inscribe upon these virgin tablets? It took me long indeed to discover that obscure purpose, and to discover also that it was not for me with those implements that my purpose was to be attained. For I think our purpose was to fix what we knew to be novel and sensed to be transient, almost I believe with pencil and paper to recreate ourselves and to establish a stability.

Re-creating the Self

The establishment of this stability, this re-creation of ourselves, was the next phase, and each therein followed his own bent. Some of the best, and some also of the least worthy, got back into their character with comparatively small difficulty; some of the very best did seem to me to maintain their character almost continuously and almost intact. But for most that character took on the appearance of a mask which unaccountably they had affixed to themselves; and now that it had slipped they could not bring themselves to recognise the face of their nativity. That was a cause of great anxiety, and for the youngest perhaps most—could they trust themselves to continue to behave as in

their judgement they should when they knew that a friend they liked or a man whom they respected had done something which was plainly shameful: for example had stolen bread when all were very hungry. What was it our nature to be now that the shell in which we had lived, the shell which we had taken to be our skin, had been broken into fragments? Into what contact with what objects had we come, now that we no longer were safely insulated within the thick carapace of our accustomed modes of living and of our accustomed selves? Here was the process of cautious exploration—intermittent and slow. Almost everybody sometimes ran away into the past, perhaps the least dangerous flight; many escaped into the El Dorado of the day of their return home, which was much more dangerous. But most managed, with whatever hesitation and subterfuges, with some degree of honesty, to come to terms with themselves, to bear to uncover their eyes and to look.

What each saw it must be for each to say. It was almost universal to be conscious of a previous blindness, of a fantastic, incredible, degree of insensibility. How was it possible that we had failed to see this thing, that thing, which stands out now stark and immense? How could that have happened? And do we now really see? Do we miss other things which of themselves are as monstrously plain? Coupled with this sense of previous blindness was a desire and a need now to learn, to study, to attend: especially to attend—again so universal that its expression astonished the persons of my profession at home. I remember, shortly after my return, a conference at Oxford to discuss whether and how it was possible to induce in the normal citizen some part of the desire of knowledge evinced by the prisoner. I thought and think that it can be induced and easily, if really it is wanted: by subjecting the normal citizen to a shock comparable in degree with that suffered by the prisoner. I do not think it likely otherwise to be had.

This desire to learn, to begin to know, was not so much misdirected

as without specification; it was an obscure desire. To discover possible direction of this desire was itself the object of the desire. And remarkable directions it took. It was this desire or need which made of prison for very many of its inmates intellectually—if that is the right word—an unusually lively place. Deprived of other freedoms, we especially cherished what seemed to us a new-found freedom of the mind as much as it was a need. Prison life is of a quite extreme monotony, yet in my own life I can find only in my undergraduate days some parallel to it for—I cannot hit upon the right word, not intellectual excitement so much as a sense of expectation: *prope in januis*. Frustration there was in plenty. It was particularly galling to feel—as almost all did, and I with them, though wrongly—that only one had a fraction of those physical advantages which we had had in such superfluity, if it were only possible for a little while to sit alone at a table, to have a minimum not of comfort but of sufficiency, to be able with certainty to clinch the matter and attain our so important object.

Few so attained, but very many in their degree exercised themselves to attain, and not for all is the memory and even the sense of the exercise dead. There was to be found in and from that exercise a measure of good confidence. It seemed that there remained a spring within us which we had not managed finally to break in our previous way of living, despite our best endeavours. It had not broken in the stress and the calamity which supervened upon us; and if much had to be discarded of what had seemed to us to be our own selves—I think the prisoner suffered in himself a denudation as great as that of his external possessions—if much had to be abandoned as too great a burden to carry through the narrow gate of prison, yet from what was left (miraculously almost, as it seemed) could come a creature less encumbered surely and not more blind, a creature perhaps more likely to be capable of life.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

The Realistic Fallacy

A discussion of realism in literature, by ERICH HELLER

DANTE claimed that the world of the *Divine Comedy* was the truly real world. Cervantes meant his *Don Quixote* to rehabilitate the true sense of reality in his readers' minds. In the literary debates of the eighteenth century in Germany, Shakespeare was held up before the adolescent poetical genius of the nation as the supreme example of realistic insight. Yet it was these two 'realists', Cervantes and Shakespeare, that the early German romantics regarded as essential luggage when they prepared their desperate bid for the freedom of the imagination. To them they were the quintessence of romanticism.

Much could be added to this list, but little to the confusion, which could hardly be worse confounded. A mere index giving the varied uses of the term 'realism' in literature would render the belief that, say, Balzac is closer to 'reality' than Homer highly improbable. For the confused history of man is largely the history of conflicting senses of reality, and the scope for bewilderment becomes infinite if we include the history of literature. Our grasp of reality being as insecure as it is, we are indeed asking for trouble if we try to define imaginative literature, which is, whatever else it is, a sort of make-believe, in terms of what manifestly it is not, namely reality.

Or is it? Or, rather, has such a question any meaning at all? If it has no meaning, are we to dismiss that large section of European philosophy which deals with this problem as yet another outcome of man's indiscreet habit of satisfying his excessive desire for sense by talking nonsense? Plato, it seems, was in no uncertainty about it. To him the world which we inhabit, and habitually regard as the real world, was itself unreal enough. It was a mere imitation, imperfect throughout, of that perfect reality which resides in the Ideas; therefore the work of art, in imitating what was in itself an imperfect imitation, was at two removes from reality. Thus the poetic activity was intellectually unworthy and morally suspect, and the ideal republic was advised to do without the corrupting machinations of the poet.

In the face of this denunciation Aristotle, it is true, advanced his moral apologia for tragedy; but not until very much later in the

history of European thought did it occur to anyone to claim for literature and the arts a higher degree of actual reality than that possessed by the so-called real world. This enormous claim for a product of the human imagination could have hardly hoped for as much as a glimmer of understanding before the nineteenth century. It was Schopenhauer who completely reversed the Platonic view of the arts. With him the work of art was the more like real life, the less it was like 'real life'.

Schopenhauer's philosophy is an aesthetic gnosis, a secular apocalypse: the world is worthless; art is good. Life is no life; letters are the real thing. Music is the Kingdom of Heaven, poetry is seraphic vision. Small wonder that so tenuous a salvation should first have been preached with irony. Some time before Schopenhauer became known the German romantics had founded their ironical church. They, too, wished to believe in the ultimate reality of poetry, but never quite succeeded in shutting out the harsh voice of the ultimately unreal yet, alas, ever so present real world. The result was irony, that irony which is the idiom of the peculiarly romantic divided disloyalty towards reality as well as poetry. The early German romantics, however, cultivated irony as the mysticism of their unbelief. Like all mysticism, romantic irony seems fathomless and unspeakable, but unlike the mysticism of the believer, it is often shallow and loquacious. For the ironical romantic fixes the eyes of poetry upon the world, and the eyes of the world upon poetry; and by virtue of this romantic squint it is now poetry and not the world that comes to nothing.

In turns amused and agonised by this incongruous spectacle, some of the romantics arrived at the concept of *Universalpoesie*, universal poetry. It is an extraordinary notion, never clearly expressed but often hinted at with intellectual passion and aphoristic force. If we piece together many a fragment on the subject, there emerges the scintillating manifesto of absolute poetic imperialism: poetry must conquer the world, the world must become poetry. For everything that poetry can do within poetry itself has been done; now the infinite poetical yearning yearns for the world. Remaining poetry, it will yet become science, psychology, politics, knowledge, and power; and science, psychology

politics, knowledge, and power will become poetry. The world will be the body of poetry, and poetry will be the body of the world. In this new incarnation both the world and poetry will be saved. Madness? If it is madness, it has yet, with no more than an ironical shift of emphasis, taken a very methodical form in the philosophy of the dominant thinker of the age: Hegel. And his was indeed a philosophy with very real consequences.

Hegel and the World-Spirit

Hegel was a romantic. He supplied the systematic theology of the new incarnation. But he differed from his romantic compatriots in holding somewhat old-fashioned views about poetry. He conversed with a mightier emissary of the Absolute: with the world-spirit itself, and he believed that its final unfolding would render poetry redundant. Soon the poetic faculty would be seen to be a mere atavistic survival from a stage of as yet incomplete consciousness where man had to rely on the imagination for a few glimpses of Truth, and on the power of casually divined symbols for some mediation between ignorance and Reality. Now, however, the world-spirit was getting ready for the ultimate illumination in which mankind would celebrate the unveiling of the mystery. It is a piece of profound romantic irony that Hegel should have summed up and superseded all romantic philosophising with this excess of rationality, casting the suspicion of vague dreaminess on the imperialists of poetry.

Yet the Hegelian world-spirit and the universalised poetry of the romantics are closer to each other than the conventional enmity between reason and imagination would seem to allow. In both the early romantics and Hegel the human mind, totally dissatisfied with the world as it is, puts forward a total claim in which revolution and eschatology are uneasily mingled. The world must become feeling and poetry, say the romantics: and Hegel says, the world must become rational consciousness. But the poetry meant by the romantics and the rational consciousness meant by Hegel have much in common: above all, the ambition of the human mind to dominate reality to the point of usurping its place. This situation is reflected in the two realisms that have ever since held sway over European literature.

The two realisms. The first is, of course, the realism of the great nineteenth-century novel, acknowledged under this heading by all textbooks of literature. If it is concerned with man's reality, it certainly shares this concern with the great literature of any other age. The name 'realism' merely betrays the particular superstition of the age, which flattered itself with the notion that it had found the key to what really is. But, in fact, the realistic writer is only, like any other writer, fascinated by certain aspects of reality, and uses the selective scheme of his fascination for the aesthetic ordering of his chosen materials. For, alas, we seem to get to know one thing at the price of losing sight of another; and however wide our interests, the sharp edge of our perception in one sphere is but in contrast to the bluntness of our sensibility in another. 'Realism in art is an illusion', said Nietzsche, addressing the realist writers, 'all the writers of all the ages were convinced they were realistic'. And equating beauty in art with a specific vision of happiness, he added: 'What, then, is it that the so-called realism of our writers tells us about the happiness of our time? . . . One is indeed led to believe that our particular happiness does not spring from what really is, but from our *understanding of reality* . . . The artists of our century willy-nilly glorify the scientific beatitudes'.

This, I think, hits upon the distinctive quality of nineteenth-century realism—a Hegelian quality. For the 'realistic' subject-matter of the great realistic novels is by no means new. The eighteenth century has given us massive literary documents of life as it was lived, enjoyed or bungled by people in the apparently unheroic and unspectacular regions of the world. What is new is the particular passion haunting the pages of Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Dostoevsky or Tolstoy. It is the passion of understanding, the desire for rational appropriation, the driving force towards the expropriation of the mystery. How tedious would be Balzac's descriptions if they were not alive with the zeal for absolute rational possession of the things described: how cheap would be Stendhal's melodramas if the emotions were merely evoked without being completely controlled by the analytical intelligence and made transparent by the master-eye that sees through everything. And Dostoevsky's genius is closely allied to the spirit of detection, his singular greatness being due to the fact that the light by which he searches is also the fire by which he is consumed. Nor is it a mere accident that Tolstoy's often-repeated 'Reason, that is, good' sounds like Hegel himself. The apparent quietness and equipoise of Tolstoy's

prose is yet vibrant with the imperialist enthusiasm of rational understanding, and, even before his conversion, shot through with the dark glitter of that vision in which is revealed the vanity of all things.

This vision is perhaps bound to emerge at the end of the total exploration of man by man. For the 'realistic' sense of reality which possessed so many minds in the nineteenth century was such that it lured them towards the rational conquest of the human world only in order to prove to them its absolute meaninglessness. Hence it is that the temper of realistic writing is pessimism, at best that pessimistic humour which makes for realism's finest appeal, at worst frustration and ennui. It was this pessimism in which Nietzsche saw the surest sign of a nihilistic age in the making. The great novelists of the nineteenth century were to provide him with the material for the first chapter of the book on nihilism which he planned and never wrote. He would have used the literature of realism in order to show, as a posthumous note suggests, how 'between 1830 and 1850 the romantic faith in love and in the future turned into the craving for nothingness'. Flaubert would have marked the climax of this change at the very point where the streams of romanticism and realism join.

Flaubert, indeed, blatantly gives away the conspiracy of realism. Through him, the late-comer, its hidden aim comes into the open. To describe reality? To mirror it? Artistically to represent it? This is nothing but the innocently respectable surface of realistic literature. Somewhere in its heart quivers the hatred of reality and the lust for conquest. Even the 'reality' of the person who does the writing becomes a hateful obstacle to the ultimate rational and aesthetic triumph. If only the human subject could be reduced to nothing but seeing, understanding, and writing; if only the real object could be transmuted into nothing but words! Reality? No, it must be dissolved through insight and style. Yet again and again Flaubert was dismayed by the undue resistance offered by reality, although at times he modestly believed that the rational penetration of the real world could suffice. 'The two muses of the modern age', he said, 'are history and science', and realistically allowed himself to be inspired by them.

This was before he wrote his *Sentimental Education*. But after it was finished, he denounced it—in a mood not unlike that of Tolstoy after his conversion—as 'a series of analyses and mediocre gossip . . . For beauty', he added, 'is incompatible with modern life, and this is the last time I will have anything to do with it. I have had enough'. The flesh of reality proved too solid after all to be melted in the aesthetic fire. No purity of style could prevail against the infection that realism contracted by letting itself in with reality at all; and even the most sublime triumphs won by the art of writing over the barren material might not be entirely safe from the scorn which Flaubert in the end poured upon the campaigns of his Bouvard and Pécuchet to establish their petty rational dominion over a disturbing world. Perhaps the immaculate victory over reality could only be achieved by writing, as Flaubert once said, 'a book about nothing at all, a book without any external connection, and which would support itself entirely by the internal force of style'.

'Song Is Existence'

But this, clearly, would no longer be realism, at least not the one realism which we usually call by this name. Yet it anticipates the other realism, the realism which, discarding the strategy of Hegel's rational world-spirit, seems to follow the rules of war evolved by the romantics when they planned the attack of 'universal poetry' upon reality. This realism does indeed sever 'any external connection', as Flaubert put it, and 'supports itself by internal force alone'. Emerging from romanticism and leading through Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Rimbaud to Valéry, it culminates in Rilke's *Duino Elegies* and *Sonnets to Orpheus*. Now external reality has no claims any more to being real. The only real world is the world of human inwardness. The concrete form of this reality is the poem in its pure absoluteness. *Gesang ist Dasein*: song is existence. Hamlet's soul has at last abolished the rotten state. What is within, no longer passes show. It is for all to see and is a work of art. Imagination is reality. We know not 'seems'. The world is dead. The rest is poetry.

Neither reality nor literature, neither the world nor the word has yet recovered from this strange exertion. For nothing is more exhausting than the effort of proving fallacies true. After these extreme achievements of literature we may have to be realistically modest in our aesthetic expectations. The economy of the world cannot support for ever the expensive households of so many creators competing with creation itself.—From a talk in the Third Programme

NEWS DIARY

May 11-17

Wednesday, May 11

Soviet Union's proposals on disarmament welcomed in London as 'encouraging'
Mersey tugmen agree to end their strike
Fighting breaks out again in South Vietnam between government and rebel troops

Thursday, May 12

Austria and four Occupying Powers reach agreement on a treaty to restore Austria's independence
London stevedores vote for national dock strike from May 23
Labour loses control of 11 councils in municipal and county borough elections in England and Wales

Friday, May 13

Western Foreign Ministers arrive in Vienna for signing of Austrian Treaty
Council of Western European Union publishes text of its decisions on future of the Saar
Miners continue to return to work in Yorkshire coalfield
Transport and General Workers Union appeals to dock members not to take part in threatened strike

Saturday, May 14

Russia accepts in principle western invitation to four-power talks at highest level
East European countries meeting in Warsaw sign twenty-year mutual assistance pact and set up a unified High Command with Marshal Ivan Koniev as Commander-in-Chief
Marshal Bulganin and other Soviet leaders to meet Marshal Tito in Belgrade at the end of May

Sunday, May 15

Austrian State Treaty signed in Vienna
Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan discuss Kashmir problem in Delhi
Snow falls in parts of northern England, North Wales, and Scotland

Monday, May 16

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald appointed United Kingdom High Commissioner in India
Stevedores' Union hands in strike notices for May 23
Nominations for General Election close
Death of Dr. Cyril Alington, former Dean of Durham and Headmaster of Eton

Tuesday, May 17

Minister of Labour sees representatives of port employers and T.U.C. concerning threatened dock strike
Chinese Prime Minister repeats offer to negotiate with U.S.A. to ease tension in Far East



The Foreign Ministers of the three Western Powers, Austria, and Russia waving to the crowd after the signing of the Austrian State Treaty in Vienna on May 15 of the treaty restoring Austria's independence. Left to right, on the balcony of the Belvedere Palace, are M. Antoine Pinay (France), Mr. Vyacheslav Molotov (Russia), Dr. Leopold Figl (Austria), Mr. John F. Dulles (U.S.A.), and Mr. Harold Macmillan (Great Britain)

Right: part of the great crowd that gathered outside the Belvedere Palace to celebrate the occasion. In the background is the spire of St. Stephen's Cathedral



On May 13 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Epsom College, Surrey, which is celebrating its centenary this year. In this photograph Her Majesty (who is Patron of the College) is being 'snapped' by the pupils as she walks through the grounds with Mr. H. W. Franklin, the Headmaster



Herr Hans von Herwarth (left), the first German Ambassador to the Court of St. James since 1939, being greeted on his arrival in London on May 16 by Mr. Marcus Cheke, Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps. Until the restoration of German sovereignty earlier this month, the Federal Republic was represented in this country by a diplomatic mission led by Dr. Schlange-Schöningh



Members of the Household Cavalry performing their musical ride at the Royal Windsor Horse Show last week

Left: Flora Day celebrations in Helston, Cornwall. Crowds lining the streets of the town on May 7 to watch one of the traditional dances. The whole town was decorated with flags and flowers for the event, which took place in bright sunshine

General Election Broadcasts

Mr. Philip Fothergill

ARE you one of them? Are you one of the people who say they're Liberal but who haven't the conviction to vote Liberal? Then you're just the person I want to talk to, and all I ask is that you listen with an open mind.

You who think liberally—with a small l, perhaps—are the backbone of British politics. If Liberal ideas suit your way of thinking it means that you hold opinions which made Britain, at the height of her influence, the greatest moral and progressive force the world has ever seen. And unless I misread the trends of today, you are the rising force which the politicians of the future must reckon with. When I tell you that there are at least 10,000,000 people like yourself in this country you may not believe it. But it's true. And when all you millions of Liberals decide at last to back your fancy and support the Liberal Party, things will begin to happen in a big way. Ten million Liberals could pave the way for a Liberal Government. And it's a fair guess that a clear majority of voters would welcome a Liberal alternative to the socialists and the Conservatives who've monopolised the political stage for far too long.

But there's no immediate prospect of a Liberal government. There will be Liberal candidates in over 100 constituencies, but we know that even if all of them were elected they couldn't form a government. So why should I ask every one of you who can do so to vote Liberal, and if possible to work for a Liberal candidate?

The reason is this. The best and most healthy result this election could produce for Britain would be news of a substantial increase in the number of Liberal members, and a substantial rise in the Liberal vote. And, make no mistake about it, you have the power to achieve this result. The election of more Liberals would spotlight the Liberal fight for fair play. I don't mean fair play for the Liberal Party, for we ask no quarter for ourselves, but fair play for you. An increase in the vote, even for candidates who may not win, would add to the punch of those who are elected. If you think about it, it stands to reason. To reach the Cup Final a team needs not only skilful players and good management but lots of loyal supporters. So do Liberal candidates and so do Liberal M.P.s.

For they have a tremendously difficult and a tremendously important job to do. One of their jobs is to fight tyranny. What—in England's green and pleasant land? Yes, and in Scotland and Wales, too. Tyranny does exist. You may not notice the liberties you have lost until you need them.

Think for a moment of those two old farmers, two brothers aged seventy-eight and seventy-two, who owned a smallholding in the West Riding of Yorkshire. They were no longer able to run their farm efficiently, and so the County Agricultural Committee decided to have them turned out: turned out not just from their farm but from the little home in which they had lived all their lives, and where their family had lived before them. The old men were summoned to answer an eviction order, and because they didn't understand it, they ignored it. And so they were summarily arrested and locked up. In bewilderment and despair they asked a Liberal friend of mine who went to see them at the police station: 'What have we done wrong? Why should we

be driven out?' Well, thanks to Liberal intervention they did not lose their home.

I quote this case as an illustration of the kind of mean and petty persecution that's all too common today, due often to bullying Acts of Parliament, for which both Conservatives and socialists are responsible. I could fill the whole of my broadcast with examples of how our liberties are being infringed. The Crichel Down case; and the case where a man was hounded literally to suicide for continuing to work during a token strike. (What price the brotherhood of man there?) And the more recent case when a mere handful of printing electricians and engineers, by their abuse of power, threatened the livelihood of a whole industry, and, incidentally, held up the whole nation to ransom. And the kind of thing which is a commonplace in many of our trades and industries: the punishment, at private business-men's courts, of traders who sell below a fixed price. If the victim is found guilty his supplies can be stopped, with the result that he may be put out of business and robbed of his livelihood.

Why isn't something done about this kind of thing? It is. Liberals are continually in action wherever political or personal action can help. Moreover, twice in recent years we've attempted to get a Bill through parliament to restore and maintain the liberties of the subject. Twice the Bill has been rejected; first by a socialist Government and, later, by a tory Government. No, the real reason why not enough is done is because too many people vote for parties which not only turn a blind eye to these abuses but, in some cases, are directly responsible for them.

Only last week, in the House of Lords, the new Potato Marketing Scheme was debated. It authorises the creation of a private monopoly of producers with penal powers over everybody else in the potato industry. It lays down that no farmer will be allowed to grow and sell potatoes unless authorised by the Board. Heavy fines can be levied upon anyone exceeding his quota. Judgement isn't given by magistrates or judges, but by the Potato Board. Against the sentence of a magistrate or a judge you can appeal, but against the sentence of the Potato Board there is no appeal. D'you think that's funny, or tragic? Liberals think it's an iniquitous proposal. Yet what happened when the debate ended and the vote was taken? Only the Liberals voted against it. All the Conservatives and all the socialists went through the same lobby in support of the scheme.

Of course, this vote on potatoes illustrates a much wider problem and another aspect of the Liberal attack. Many observers recently commented on the unreality of the two-party boxing contest between Tories and socialists. They have suggested that it masks a real similarity of outlook: shadow boxing, in fact.

Will you accept the judgement of one of the greatest newspapers in the land—an independent newspaper—on the similarity of the tory and Labour election manifestos? Listen to these phrases: 'The common ground is wide'. 'Where are the great issues which really divide the parties?' 'There are nettles which neither party will publicly grasp'. These are some of the comments I came across last week on such questions as the cost of living, the buying power of wages; successful trading. And the interesting thing is that the same writer acknowledged that the Liberal Party does not dodge these vital issues.

We are all more than a little bored by talk about inflation, and it's time we stopped using such a term and talked of the reality—the curse of a pound sterling that is worth less and less every month. You will find that the Liberal Manifesto talks plainly about that. And Liberals have a special right to talk on the point. For it's a classic Liberal doctrine that it's the job of a government to maintain the value of our money.

The socialist party makes much of its concern for the poor and needy. A trade union leader advises us to vote Labour on May 26 and stop the rise in the cost of living. But will his advice stand examination in the light of the socialist record?

You know, nothing does more to bring distress and distraction to people who exist on the lower levels of wages, on pensions, on small fixed incomes, than a never-ending fall in the value of money. To promise welfare benefits and pensions, and child allowances—to say nothing of asking us to save—is a downright swindle if the Government allows our money to rot away. The socialists are not the only humanitarians. Liberals approach this question essentially from a humanitarian point of view. After all, Liberals were the founders and the architects of our whole social security system. The Liberalism of Lord Beveridge is proof enough of that. And we have every reason to resent the way our great reforms have been whittled down by a depreciating currency.

And bad money destroys liberty, too. What brought Hitler to power in Germany? Nothing did more to pave the way for his reign of terror than the chaos resulting from the collapse of the value of money in Germany. Well, here in Britain the greatest danger from slipshod finance is to be feared from socialism; but don't let us forget that the Tories haven't stopped the rot. And no post-war government has really grappled with this vital cost-of-living problem—how to stop rising prices by stopping falling money values? What would a Liberal do about it? Three proposals I will mention.

We would carry out a careful pruning of public spending—and I assure you that well-planned economies needn't result in any lowering of the efficiency of the public service. We would scale down import duties which put a check on competition and which put up the price of necessities, put them up to the housewife, and the farmer, and the manufacturer. We would open up the way to greater productivity by breaking up monopolies and price rings and by encouraging profit-sharing and co-partnership in industry: a thoroughly constructive and practical Liberal programme to attack high prices.

Many of us listened to Sir Anthony Eden last Saturday and heard him speak of the opportunities of the present time. But neither the Prime Minister nor Mr. Attlee has told us at all convincingly how these opportunities may be seized. Indeed, their parties have been in power for ten years and they haven't seized them. Perhaps they're at a disadvantage: the Conservatives because so many monopolists sit on their benches; the socialists because, in defiance of all the evidence, they still think of progress in terms of more and more nationalisation.

And, of course, very little is said about the efficiency of parliament itself, where the party Whips have already gone far to turn the House of Commons into the most rigid closed shop of

1. The disciplining in the Labour Party is notorious. But party discipline is to be seen elsewhere. Do you remember, when commercial leision was debated, every single Conservative proponent of the Bill, even to the extent of doing violence to his conscience, voted with his party in its support. This degree of regimentation, which turns parliamentarians into so many rubber stamps, not only reduces the efficiency of parliament but, what is really far more important, it profoundly affects the honour and integrity of parliament. Party loyalty, yes; but strait-jacket, no.

Wales and Scotland are acutely aware of this problem. That's one reason why, more and more, they're demanding the right to manage their own domestic internal affairs; and, as you would expect, Liberals support their just demand.

What is the reputation of parliament worth? Lord Samuel has said that the reputation of parliament is the treasure of the nation. It ought to offer the most convincing argument in favour of democracy; and at a critical time, too. Here we are with new communities thrusting forward to nationhood all over the world. How will they develop? You know as well as I do how much depends on their choosing the free way of life rather than the totalitarian way of life. Yet it's by no means certain what their choice will be. The democratic vision will fail to attract them if the vision has grown dim and if the vitality of the Mother of Parliaments is seen to fail.

I said at the beginning that Liberals have a tremendously difficult and a tremendously important job to do. Have I given you an idea of what we're struggling to achieve? Do you begin to see what we're aiming at? Why we ask for your support? Why your support is worth giving to Liberal candidates and to liberal ideas? Why, if I may say so, you must be Liberal?

It's our job to protect from exploitation those who are too weak to protect themselves; to bring the value of the individual back into politics—the individual, and that means you. It's our job to put the whole nation's prosperity on a sounder footing, and that goes for agriculture, manufacture, mining, fishing, transport, and the rest. It's our job to break through into parliament with new ideas and fresh inspiration. It's our job to shake politics out of the rut in which most of you hate as much as we do.

But all our Liberal efforts will be futile if the whole world is to be plunged into war. There's a universal dread of the 'H' bomb. But the 'H' bomb needn't destroy us if fear of its consequences doesn't paralyse our will to peace. Of course, all Liberals welcome the latest disarmament move from Russia. Every chance of negotiation must be seized. None the less, the pursuit of peace is inevitably a dangerous and a lengthy operation. There's no short cut to the establishment of an effective and lasting world order.

Britain must be strong, economically and in defence; progressive in the most adventurous and audacious sense of the word: the heart and soul of liberty, the moral centre of western civilisation. And she always was all these things when the Liberal Party was the dominant influence in her public life. By the temper of her people Britain is still a Liberal country. I believe she will again become a Liberal country in government as well as in sentiment.

Then this old and experienced nation, through the Commonwealth, through her American and European and Asiatic friendships, and finally through United Nations, will exert an inspiring and stimulating influence for the tranquillity and peace of the world. For that is our great problem today: the world. It is a problem we must all help to solve, and there is one way in

which we can help to solve it. If you think Liberally, vote Liberal. For the sake of yourself and your children; for the sake of prosperity and liberty; for the sake of a world at peace—vote Liberal. Goodnight.

—May 12

Miss Edith Pitt

GOOD EVENING. Friday the thirteenth, and the month of May, too. Might be thought an unlucky date for my first important broadcast, but it's 'lucky for some', isn't it? I think I'm lucky to have this chance of talking with you.

I expect there's been a lot of talk in your home about the election, and I've no doubt you have been discussing the cost of living amongst other things. There are more vital matters, for instance, peace in the world, and the great opportunities of the new atomic age, but people better qualified than I are dealing with those important matters. So I'm going to talk to you about the cost of living, because the way our money goes affects every one of us, every day.

Before the election the socialists—and remember they are socialists even though they prefer to call themselves Labour—were trying to make their main attack that the Conservatives had failed to reduce the cost of living. But what do we mean by the cost of living? It's not only the price of goods in the shops. Surely what it really means is what we have to pay out from our wages and salaries in order to enjoy a reasonable standard of living. Some prices have risen since we took office, but when everyone is at work—and happily that is so today—and wages are high, and there is a heavy demand for goods, then prices tend to be high.

Again it's true—and we all know this is so, especially the housewives—many prices have come down. Just think of the rash of notices that have appeared on the shop windows even the last week or so—tea down, bacon down, lard down. What is more, under the Conservatives wages have gone up more than prices. It is perfectly fair to point out that this didn't happen under the socialists. You'll not thank me to quote a lot of figures, but I am sure you are entitled to ask me to prove what I'm saying, and so I will: for every 1s. that prices rose under the socialists, wages rose by only 9d. For every 1s. that prices rose under the Conservatives, wage rates have increased by about 1s. 8d. So, under the socialists, our money didn't go so far; under the Conservatives we are earning more and our money does buy more.

I know what you're saying now: what about food prices? People in Birmingham have been saying to me: 'Oh yes, I agree with you, clothing may be cheaper, sheets, pillow-cases, towels and curtains have come down, and that's very welcome, but we don't have to buy those every day. We do have to buy food every day'.

Well, let's look at it. We can spend a lot of money on food if we want to, especially if we go for the best quality, and lots of us are doing that, you know; but that's just it, we have got this wide choice, there is plenty on the shop counter—and it is on the counter, not under it—we are free to shop where we like. In fact, the housewife has come into her own again. Because of the freedom we enjoy, we women can now get full value out of the money we spend on food. We don't think the gentleman in Whitehall knows best, as the socialists said, we know this is the job where women have a natural gift. Do you really want some official to tell you how to do your shopping? I like shopping, and I'm sure most women do, but it is only lately it's become a real pleasure again, something that gives us a change and an interest, and it is a joy many of the younger housewives are discovering for the first time.

What a change has come about in the past three years, and I sometimes wonder if we ever look back to think about it. Memories are so short, or perhaps it is that we don't want to remember the years of socialism with continued rationing, queues, under the counter, austerity, and the dreary round of the shops every day to try to find something for the family to eat. Can you answer a question for me—no prize for the answer, but just have a quick run round the family as you listen to me—can anyone remember the date when all rationing ended? Well, did anyone? It was July, 1954. Seems longer, doesn't it, but then we've got used to freedom. We said good-bye to the ration books last year, and we never want to see them again.

The Conservative policies, commonsense policies, achieved in a little more than two years what the socialists completely failed to do in six years, because do remember that when the socialists gave up the job in October 1951 the rations were hardly larger than when they took office at the end of the war in 1945. Do you remember the rations in 1951—3 ounces of bacon, 3 ounces of butter, 1½ ounces of cheese, 1½ ounces of cheese, 2 ounces of tea, two ounces, one-and-seventence worth of meat a week, one or two eggs, and not always fresh at that. I wonder how many of the menfolk listening to me had that much bacon, and an egg, for their breakfast today, or that much meat for their meal tonight. I can remember many and many a time when a housewife in Birmingham has said to me that she gave up her ration of bacon to her husband, and when I pointed out that she ought to have her share, her answer was always the same: 'But I can't let him go to work on a breakfast of bread and jam'.

Even if some food prices are higher, isn't it worth it to be able to have a square meal, and a bit of what you fancy? We really are eating more, you know, all of us, not just some of us. We are eating more meat, more bacon, more sugar, more eggs, and lots more sweets. We are also, by the way, buying more tobacco and drinks, and the sales of household goods last year were a record. In other words, our standard of living is improving, and here we really get to the heart of this cost of living argument. Over and over again in the last General Election in 1951, the socialists stressed that what mattered was not the cost of living but the standard of living. My own opponent in Birmingham said so in his election address. I agree with that. It is the standard of living that matters—our earnings, the security of our jobs, our social conditions, the comfort in our homes, and our chance of putting a bit by in savings. And I know that the vast majority of people in Britain are better off now than they have ever been in their lives, especially the ordinary people, the weekly wage earners.

How do I know this, what right have I to speak for the ordinary people? Just this. I belong to the ordinary folk of this country. I was born amongst them, the eldest of six children of a Birmingham die sinker. I went to a council school, and left at thirteen to start earning my living. I have been earning my living ever since, and got my extra education at night school—like thousands of us all over the country. So, although I'm not the least bit concerned to talk about myself, I think I can claim to talk for many people like me and say we are enjoying such a standard of living as many of us never dreamed could be ours. I'm very glad about it, and we don't want to give it up.

How's this improvement come about? When the Conservatives were elected, we gave a promise that we would reduce taxation. Purchase tax has been reduced on all the goods we buy, and on many things it has been abolished altogether, and so far as income tax is concerned, the Chancellor, Mr. Butler, has certainly made good

this promise. Two reductions in the standard rate of tax; increased allowances to all of us—those who are single, those who are married, families with children, and in fact millions of people have been relieved of paying tax altogether—2,500,000 in this last Budget alone. So, we've more money left in our pockets to spend.

In the House of Commons recently I told a little story which I think is worth repeating. I asked a workman friend of mine in Birmingham, who is a socialist, by the way, how he thought we were doing under the Conservatives, and what did he feel about the cost of living. He said: 'Well, my wife's not the grumbling kind', which I thought very nice of him, and I guess it means she has her share of increased pay, then after a pause, he added quietly, 'I've just bought a little car'. Now I'm not suggesting it runs to a car for everybody, but just look round the room where you're sitting now and I bet you can see something new which you had been waiting to buy for some time. Maybe it's this radio set, or a television.

There is another thing which proves beyond any doubt that most of us are doing better than we were a few years ago. And that's the amount we manage to put by—our small personal savings—you know, National Savings. In 1950, under the socialists, we saved £4,500,000. In 1954, under the Tories, we saved £146,500,000—over thirty times as much. Does this line up with the socialist claim that the high cost of living has made us all poorer? Don't you agree that it's a good thing for people to be able to save again, for themselves, for their families, to give their children a better chance, to make their old age more comfortable, and of course to have a holiday, and a bit of fun now and then?

Before I became a Member of Parliament two years ago, my job was to look after the welfare of the people employed in a large factory and of those who had retired, so I do know that when there is illness, or a man has an accident at work, it is not always easy to manage. I have a lot of pensioner friends from my factory work, so I know about their problems too. To listen to some socialist speakers, you might think the Conservative Government had done nothing to help such people. That's far from the truth. Sickness and industrial injury benefits have been increased twice. Pensioners have had their pensions put up twice by the Conservatives, and the increase last month has more than made good the loss in value which pensions and all other social benefits suffered during the years of socialist government.

Then there are the people who have to live on fixed incomes; the Conservatives have helped them too, through reliefs in the Budget. And the really important thing is which party offers the most hope for the future, the socialists who kept piling on taxes, or the Conservatives who believe in reducing them as much as possible.

I was listening to a socialist speaker last week and you would think from what he was saying a rise in the cost of living was something which started in 1951, but let me remind you of their own record. During the six years they were in office the cost of living generally went up by 40 per cent., and on food alone by over 50 per cent., or, to put it in a way we can all easily understand, prices as a whole rose by 8s. in the £ and food prices by over 10s. in the £. This was in spite of all their elaborate controls, which they loved so much, and in spite of the fact that you were paying hundreds of millions of pounds a year in taxes of all kinds to provide subsidies which were supposed to keep prices down. So you paid both ways—in rapidly rising prices and very high taxes. The Conservatives have not only steadied prices, but they've also cut your taxes, very considerably, and the result of all this is that the real value of wages is higher—they have kept ahead of prices. You know as well

as I do that Conservative freedom has worked, and it's up to you to let it go on working.

If your socialist candidate tells you his party can cut the cost of living, ask him how. Pin him down and make him answer. Is he trying to hoodwink you by saying 'the Government will pay'? The Government don't own a gold mine, you know: the money they use they take from us—you and me—in the form of taxes. To pay for what they're promising, the socialists will need millions and millions of pounds. Where is it coming from? Will they increase income tax or purchase tax? Put some more on beer and tobacco? Or will it be a combination of the lot? Is it to be price control and state buying; if so, it's back to shortages and 'under the counter', and eventually to rationing.

Let me put this point to you. In the 1945 election the socialists secured a majority of 140. In 1950 it dropped to six, and at the 1951 General Election you turned them out altogether. Why? Because they had failed. They have learnt nothing since then and they still offer you the same pie-in-the-sky socialist theories that didn't work then and won't work now.

The Conservatives have great plans for the future—for your future and the future of your children. They're not just plans on paper. They've been started: more new homes; a real attack on the slums; new schools; new hospitals and improvements on the old hospitals; safer working conditions; better and safer roads; modernised railways; electricity for home and industry from atomic power stations—you know we're the first country in the world to make a start on the use of atomic power in this way. The future really looks good and it will be good if we go about things the right way. I have told you I belong to an ordinary Birmingham family. With all my heart I believe that the Conservative way of doing things is right for all the people in the country—right for all of us.

In three and a half years under the Conservatives the country has made great strides forward. This progress can go on, if we all work for it, and we all work together, but it won't if we allow ourselves to be divided by the socialist creed of envy and class warfare. Together we have achieved so much. Together we can achieve still more. We are enjoying a high—and rising—standard of living. I am convinced that the Conservative Party—united, strong—is the best safeguard of peace, prosperity, and progress. Goodnight.

—May 13

Mr. Herbert Morrison

THIS IS MY FIRST BROADCAST since Sir Winston Churchill resigned, and I want to use the first few minutes of it to pay my tribute to that great Englishman.

I hope nobody finds that very surprising. It is true that Sir Winston has not always seen eye to eye with me. No, indeed. I've had to take some hard knocks from him and I always tried to give him back as good as I got. But it was a great privilege for me to serve in the War Cabinet under Winston's leadership, and, like everybody else in the House of Commons, I shall miss him from the Front Bench—miss him very much. Through all the occasions when we've battled with each other I never for one moment doubted his deep love of our country, or his devotion to its service. Of course, he's always had his own way of looking at things. He's been in turn a Conservative, a Radical, an orthodox Liberal, a Constitutionalist, and a Conservative of sorts again. In 1918 he seemed to be coming near to Labour views. He has even held a trade union card. I can't help wondering what the House of Commons will be like without him on the Front

Bench. Anyhow, we wish him a long and a career as a back-bencher again.

I wanted to pay that tribute to Sir Winston. But his resignation raises another question. What will the Conservative Party be like without him? It was the Tories, before the war, who put Sir Winston out of office and refused to listen to his warnings. It was the Labour Party forced them to take him back as their leader in 1940. How much have they really changed since then? How much of the new look in Toryism has been due to the influence of the one among them?

A few days after Sir Winston had resigned *The Spectator*, which is I suppose a Tory paper, said 'The Conservative Party exists again'. Anthony Eden, it said, 'is of the party, in a way in which Sir Winston has not been, but Sir Winston Baldwin was'. Well, that's a fair warning, from a Tory paper. And, was it really an accident that the Tory central office shifted Winston's picture and put one of the late Neville Chamberlain in its place? I know that Tory central office and I'm inclined to fear the worst. I can imagine those of you who voted Tory because Winston Churchill was in charge wondering what ought to do now, if Toryism is going to become Baldwinism or Chamberlainism again.

And that difference is vitally important. In this business of top-level talks with the Russians and the Americans. It was Mr. Churchill first brought up the idea in the election campaign of 1950. Labour was governing then, we didn't think the time was ripe. But when he came back to the idea three years later as Prime Minister, things had changed a great deal, we gave him our backing. And he needed it. Nobody else backed him. For two whole years nothing was done. To judge by what he said in parliament, Sir Anthony Eden was still throwing cold water on the idea only six weeks ago, wasn't until the election campaign had begun that the new Prime Minister began to believe in high-level talks. Will the Tories still believe in them after May 26, when there's neither Winston nor an election to push them on?

Sir Anthony Eden says they will. He says we want peace as much as we do. And I'm sure he does. But why does Sir Anthony have to press so much? If he feels the need to reassure people, if the dilly-dallying of these last two years has made some people have doubts about his desire for peace, whose fault is that? Who was responsible for the delay? I don't know the answer, but I don't know what happens inside the Conservative Party. But I do know that the Tories have to be pushed into taking the opportunity, which was open to them. And it was Labour that was pushing. We shall not wait for opportunity, we shall make them, and go on making them. The way to talk to the Russians is to go to the big problems. We must see what's in their minds about the hydrogen bomb and about armament. I believe that the Conservative Party is taking a very dangerous line about the hydrogen bomb. The Labour Party has agreed that other powers have this dreadful weapon, but we must have it too. We agree also that it would be dangerous to allow the Russians to believe we shall never use the bomb unless they use it. That might tempt them into setting their enormous armies and their vast air-fleets on the move against us.

But there's also an opposite danger. The threat of using hydrogen bombs without caution is a dangerous idea to play about with. And the Tory White Paper on Defence seems to use that threat too easily. Their view could be taken to mean that if the Russians start any kind of aggression anywhere, we must reply by dropping hydrogen bombs on Moscow. I can't believe that the Conservatives really believe that. The Government must know that the Russians believe we're going to use our H-b-

any circumstances, they're all the more certain to start by using theirs. That's the danger of the tory attitude.

Then what should we do? Unhappily the hydrogen bomb is there. We don't like it, but it's a fact. And the only sensible thing to do is to use that fact to make it clear that starting up a major war just isn't worth while. We and our friends must make it quite clear to anybody who may be thinking of war that they will not be allowed to win. If we make that clear from the beginning there's a real chance that there'll be no more aggression. We shall get a breathing space, and we must use that to build a real peace.

However, there's one thing we can do here and now. We can try by international agreement to put a stop to experiments with hydrogen bombs. We know that the dust and the rays from these hydrogen bomb experiments can be deadly. All scientists agree that there's a danger point somewhere, if Great Powers go on blowing out this deadly dust into the air we breathe. So the sensible thing to do is to get an agreement to stop the experiments. Now, that may be difficult. If it is difficult, that's all the more reason for starting discussions now. Labour is pledged to make that start without delay when we get back into office.

And the same is true of all the other big problems. It applies to the control of atomic weapons, to disarmament, to Formosa, to German unity, to getting China into the United Nations. On all these questions the time has come for the democracies to take the initiative, and to keep it. The Labour Government was quite right to say that we must build up our strength first. But we said clearly right from the beginning that we were not starting a new armaments race. Ernest Bevin was a good trade unionist. He never fought if he could negotiate, but he didn't negotiate until he held the right cards. We've got those cards now. The time has come to talk—and to go on talking if we have to, with the same patience and the same determination that we've put in these last six years into building up our strength. That's Labour's policy. We've been preaching it for two years, not two weeks, like the Prime Minister. And it will still be our policy after the election.

That's the Labour way to make Britain's influence felt in the world. But, if it is to work, Britain must be strong enough at home to be mistress in her own house. And that's where the Conservatives have gone wrong, dangerously wrong. They believe in what they call 'Conservative freedom'. And they've told you and shown you over and over again what Conservative freedom means. It means freedom to make profits, either by serving the public or by robbing the public, whichever seems easiest. It means freedom for the good builder and the merry-builder, the good manufacturer and the bad; the honest tradesman and the cheat who just keeps inside the law.

Now, I'm going to be blunt about this. The tory method is not freedom; it is anarchy. And it doesn't work. The proof that it doesn't work has been provided by Mr. Butler himself. In our successive years on Budget Day, Mr. Butler got up and told us that there's not enough investment in British industry. Four times he's told us that he was offering incentives to get more investment where it was needed, and three times he's come back and told us that he had to have more incentives still, because it still wasn't working. 'The mixture as before' three times over, and the patient gets no better.

No, that's not quite right. Investment is going up in some industries. Where? In the publicly owned industries. It's gone up in coal, in transport, in electricity, in airways, because Labour brought them into public ownership. But where Conservative freedom has been left to do the job, then nearly every industry—and, on the

Chancellor's own showing, private enterprise—is not providing anything like enough new factories and new machines. I believe that this is the real issue of this election. Is John Bull going to mind his own business or let somebody else do it for him? Are we going to be lodgers in our own country or masters?

The Conservatives really are talking a lot of nonsense about freedom versus controls. The issue is not between Labour controls and tory freedom, it's between private control to keep prices up and public controls to keep prices down. Labour never believed in controls for the sake of controls. Rationing and restriction were needed in times of shortage. But when Britain's own efforts began to overcome the shortages, Labour began to get rid of controls. So, I repeat, the issue is not between freedom and controls. It is between planning for the public good, and private controls, imposed in secret, to keep prices up and send profits soaring.

Look around you; look at the facts. Only last week ten different firms sent in tenders to the London County Council for a building job. Every single one of those tenders was for the same figure—£57,517 1s. 8d. for the steel and its erection in a building: the same, exactly the same figure, to the last penny. Well, you know, things like that don't happen by accident. It's private controls at work. And there isn't a local council or even a private firm of any size in the country that hasn't found the same thing happening. Go out and try to buy a bicycle tyre, a sparking plug, a radio valve, an electric lamp, and you'll find that Conservative anarchy means everybody selling at the same price, and being put out of business if they try to bring the price down.

Now I'm not preaching cut-throat competition. It won't do the country any good to have thousands of small tradesmen driving each other into bankruptcy. I'm preaching socialist freedom. And socialist freedom doesn't mean stifling initiative by restrictions and controls. It means helping men and women of initiative to do the jobs in which they can serve both themselves and our country.

Let me give you just two examples of what I mean. I'm broadcasting tonight from Lancashire, the home of our cotton industry. Today that great industry is threatened with a slump and unemployment which could spread right across Britain. You can't leave it to Conservative freedom to put that right. Even the best employers and the best trade unions cannot put it right by their own unaided efforts. It's the business of the Government to foresee that kind of problem and take steps to meet it. Three years ago, there was a recession in cotton, with unemployment and short-time working. That was the warning, and the Government should have worked out long-term plans to meet the danger. They didn't do it. They fell down on the job, and all Lancashire knows it.

Take another vital part of our country's life. Take agriculture. Now, I'm not a farmer, I'm just a townsman. But there's one thing I learned long ago, and we should never forget it. Over and over again I've said it in my London constituency: Britain must grow more food. We can't again ask the farmers and farm-workers to do miracles in war time, and leave the farms to rot in peace time. When Labour was in power, the Minister of Agriculture, our Tom Williams, introduced a big programme for increasing food production. That was a real example of socialist planning for freedom. The farmer knew that the nation would buy the food he produced. He was free to plan in his own way for his own kind of efficiency, because he knew in advance what he would get for his produce. Labour gave him freedom through security, and both farmer and farm worker responded magnifi-

cantly. In agriculture, socialist freedom worked.

Now the Conservatives have gone half-way back to anarchy. And again in agriculture, as in industry, it doesn't work. Like the rest of us, the farmer has to buy from monopolies and big industrial companies. Wherever he turns, he meets fixed prices. No haggling in the market place for tractor or petrol or spare parts. He pays the price fixed by Conservative freedom or he goes without. But so often when he comes to sell his own produce that's when the haggling starts. He has to take what the middlemen offer, and the price he gets is largely determined by the market. Sometimes you and I pay him a subsidy on top of that, but the farmer gets less money than he did; and the price doesn't come down in the shops—you know that. It's the middleman who gets the profit. Do you wonder that production on the land is no longer rising as fast as it did under Labour? Do you wonder that the farmer and the farm worker, like the cotton manufacturer and the cotton worker, are in revolt against Conservative anarchy?

Labour will promote real freedom in agriculture—the freedom that comes from security and fair dealing. In industry, too, we shall make sure that the nation's resources are used for the nation's good. In the six years from 1945, while we were still struggling to put Britain on her feet after the war, Labour did more than any government in history to curb the restrictions imposed by poverty, hunger, disease, ignorance and insecurity. Today we are reaping the fruits of our effort and sacrifice after the war, and much more can be done provided we put service before self, national interest before private profit. Let us set about the task as free men and women, and there is no visible limit to the great liberation of the human spirit that Britain can achieve. Goodnight to you all.

—May 14

Gardening

Asparagus and Peas

AT LONG LAST the asparagus is pushing through the soil fast and needs daily cutting. Use a proper asparagus knife for this job—do not merely cut the asparagus off level with the soil, but thrust the knife down by the side of each stalk and get a couple of inches of the stem showing white. Stand the bundles in saucers of water, putting twenty-five stalks to each bunch. Give the beds four ounces of agricultural salt to the square yard. This will help to keep down the weeds—do not let them stay on the bed. In a new garden you could still make and plant an asparagus bed: buy three-year-old crowns for preference, there will be no waiting then before starting to enjoy this delicious vegetable.

Have you noticed how the first early peas are flowering just above the soil this year? Owing to the cold winds they could not grow, so became stunted, but they are making up now. Do not forget to keep up the succession: sow main-crop peas now—selected Duke of Albany, or Achievement are good; these are taller, so allow them plenty of room, and sow a row of Victoria or summer spinach, or a row of early turnips, to make use of the room between the rows. If you can get only short sticks, or have not much room, sow the dwarf kinds, putting the rows closer together. Little Marvel sown every fortnight will keep you well supplied.

Do not forget to thin out the young seedling parsnips, beetroot, and carrots. The rains have made all the difference to these crops. Do not be afraid to thin freely, they must have room. At the same time, pull out any weeds near or round the plants, and to finish the job run the Dutch hoe between the rows to freshen the soil. You can never overdo the hoeing.

F. H. STREETER

—From a talk in the Home Service

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

THE Arts Council have brought to the Tate an exhibition of paintings and drawings by Harold Gilman. Gilman was a puritan and he stood against all that was shoddy and meretricious in the painting of his time. His art was honourable and modest and it eliminated everything that was disreputable in post-Impressionism. Instead of pursuing the madness of Seurat, Cézanne, Van Gogh, he led them quietly home and tamed them with Cotman, as Steer had tamed Monet with Constable.

Gilman had practically no sense of solid form. Drawing was to him a topographical mapping of shapes based upon accurate observation and selection. Sickert would have agreed to this, but then for him drawing was also expression, and although he would transfer his first drawing accurately to the canvas, he would continue to restate it with warmth and wit as the picture went on. For Gilman the drawing was an inviolable framework which, once stamped on the canvas, had to endure the subsequent painting. His main works are absolutely static, not the stillness of monumentality but frozen in their tracks.

Although at first sight this contrast with Sickert suggests a failure of the imagination on Gilman's part and a misunderstanding of Sickert's method, in fact it reflects a genuine difference of inspiration. In all his interiors, early and late, his figures pose patiently. They lean against mantelpieces, pretend to sew or merely sit receiving the light. There is nothing here of other people's lives sniffed at by an uproarious Peeping Tom, and his systematic building of the picture was not a means to an end as it was with Sickert but a reflection of a sort of quietism. His successful pictures are those which answer this inspiration most completely; that is to say the early ones here, particularly the interior 'In Sickert's House' (1907) and the Tate 'Woman on a Sofa', and the later interiors of 1916 and 1917.

The years between were devoted to assimilating the new palette to the tonal framework upon which his vision was founded. There was no question of Gilman generating light through colour as Van Gogh and Matisse had done; for him the structure of shadow and light, half-tone and reflection, remained intact. Once the initial shock of the colour has worn off, the onlooker in front of the well-known 'Drawbridge' may feel that it does not matter what colour a particular passage is; all that it contributes to the picture is its value as tone, and that has been rationalised to the point of staleness. But in the 'Interior with Mrs. Mounter', and the British Council's 'An Interior', the colour is genuinely luminous and at one with the inner subject of the picture. The latter picture marks a point of perfection along a certain line of development, a line which, despite his influence, Gilman sealed off from his followers.

An interesting collection of landscapes by the Barbizon painters is

on view at the Hazlitt Gallery. It is strongest on Daubigny, several of his brilliant sketches carried through from nature. There are two particularly good Diaz *sous bois*. Michel and Boudin represent, so to speak, the past and the future. Despite the many points of contact with the young Impressionist painters that are indicated here (and Renoir in No. 16, Daubigny and Monet in No. 7), the total effect of this exhibition is to bear home with force the nature of the Impressionist transformation of the landscape picture. Several painters of the 'thirties favoured the effects of early morning or evening (C

Daubigny), moments, that when the tonal values of nature approximated closely to the means accepted by the painter. Yet looking at many of the pictures here one assumes that the sun is below the horizon even when obviously it is not. Roussault (Nos. 37 and 38) and Courbet (No. 2), for example, spanned the difference of opinion between the sky and the earth by painting the sky as high as it would go, and by painting the near parts of the landscape in a dim, monochromatic underpainting of some greenish earth colour. Earth and sky are conceived as entirely separate zones even when the subject is such that veil of atmosphere spread themselves across the distance and light beats down. Impressionism, these Barbizon landscapes remind us, represented only a new technique but an entirely new vision, a move of the imagination.

The Arts Council have an exhibition at St. James's Square of the paintings and drawings of the Swedish painter Carl Hill. The picture illustrated is one of the group which represent his work in France in the mid-seventies. His debt to Courbet is plain enough; other pictures



'The Lime Quarry' (c. 1875), by Carl Hill: from the Arts Council exhibition at 4 St. James's Square. This exhibition closes on May 24

evoke Corot and perhaps Pissarro. Thinner in substance than a Courbet, 'The Lime Quarry' is a highly original composition and it is plain that Hill was no mere imitator. After 1880 he lived in retirement in Sweden; he had become insane. Before he died he produced thousands of drawings, and a selection of these makes up the bulk of the present exhibition. Although the outward vision has been switched off, the practised artist remains strong in the pine-studded hillsides and distant views of the black chalk landscape drawings and in the classical features of the 'Standing Figure with Lyre', 'Head and Hands', and others of the same time something of the idiosyncrasies of the mad drawings reflect back to the earlier landscapes: compare the drawing 'Cathedral on the Rocky Island' with the painting 'Steps in a Cutting' and the extraordinary formation of the right-hand sides of both pictures.

The drawings seem to fall into two categories: those that describe a vision in the mind's eye, and those in which a sort of formal improvisation appears almost to take over from the illustrational. In the latter Hill gained the kind of formal freedom that was afterwards claimed by the artists of the twentieth century.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Need for More Exports

Sir,—May I comment as briefly as possible on criticisms of two separate pieces of work of mine which appear in different parts of THE LISTENER of May 12?

(1) Professor Cairncross: 'The Need for More Exports'. It appeared to me that Mr. Johnson was only calling in some results of mine as supporting evidence for arguments which seemed otherwise to stand firmly on their own feet. But as Professor Cairncross concentrated a good deal of his reply into a rather misleading account of my results, and as Mr. Johnson is abroad, I had better get the record straight.

The material in dispute is an article in the *Journal Economica*, February 1955. I thought I had there explained the nature of the relationship which I believed to be involved and I am sorry if the exposition was insufficiently clear or Professor Cairncross and his colleague. As I suggested it, the relationship was a mixed one; certainly not a 'simple functional relation' between export prices and what we sell: I suggested that when our import prices are high our customers are prosperous (as Professor Cairncross correctly noted, but I rather resent the suggestion of being 'trapped' by a point which I dealt with at length); but that their prosperity was also increased when our export prices are relatively low, because this increases overseas 'real' purchasing power. At the same time, when our export prices are relatively low, our exports may be more competitive. It is only the ratio of import prices to export prices (i.e., the terms of trade) is used as a variate that gets a really good explanation of the movement of exports; other possible variates such as the volume of world trade, export prices alone, or import prices alone do not do so well. I therefore concluded that we must face the fact that it is only when the terms of trade are unfavourable, or are allowed to become unfavourable, that we can be confident of selling a really good quantity of exports. And given the volume of world trade, we do better the worse the terms of trade. Any economic policy which ignores this fact is unrealistic and many forecasts have gone wrong from so doing. The brighter side is that, as the volume of world income is rising, we can in time get some modest improvement in exports without deterioration of the terms of trade, and I put a tentative figure to this trend.

There are too many moral and emotional overtones in this debate. Large exports have become sort of general criterion of national virtue logically in the period 1946-8, less logically now. There is a high correlation between views on this subject and views on other politico-economic questions. I suspect that Professor Cairncross does not believe that the nation can in fact obtain such favourable returns to exports as he suggests, so much as that it ought to have as though it could.

(2) Mr. A. N. Landsell, in his letter on 'Working Round the Clock'. (i) £300,000,000, it is the right figure, is under 1 per cent. of the national capital, (ii) street congestion would be reduced by double-shifts, (iii) the railways, by contrast to much of our capital equipment, appear to be worked more nearly as intensively (which is not the same thing as as efficiently) as the working habits of their customers allow, (iv) was not advocating three shifts, but two. Night work I disapproved of.—Yours, etc.,
R. L. MARRIS
Cambridge

Guaranteed Farm Prices

Sir,—It is in sorrow rather than in anger that I see so many farmers' spokesmen refusing to use the quite strong case which they have—Mr. Richards, for instance, dismisses the case for a population widely dispersed through the countryside as 'emotional'—and substituting instead their own rather amateur brand of economics, which will prove to be rather an unreliable instrument for making their case against tough opposition, as farmers will soon have to do in this country.

The existence of a large home market helped the agricultural equipment industry to get started, but by now the greater part of its output should be exported, not wastefully used at home. A plan for food production in a military emergency is urgently needed; but farmers must not complain if it turns out to be very unlike present-day commercial farming. In such a situation we could not afford to eat much meat: but (contrary to Mr. Richards' proposals) keeping land under pasture in peace-time creates a valuable reserve of fertility for use in an emergency.

The price of tomatoes and other horticultural products is not directly guaranteed, but farmers expect it to be maintained by detailed regulation of imports, in a manner which earns us a lot of ill-will in other countries, and which will harm our export trade.—Yours, etc.,
Oxford
COLIN CLARK

Sir,—Mr. Colin Clark's recent talk on farm prices (THE LISTENER, May 5) is incontrovertible in its main arguments. I would add only three suggestions.

First, there has never been so large an excess of wheat and other cereals as at present in North America. There are also burdensome surplus stocks of sugar in several countries. Since wheat and sugar, provided that they are stored dry, can be preserved almost indefinitely, it would now be appropriate for the British Government to buy large stocks of wheat and sugar, and perhaps also of coarse grains, and to have them stored in widely dispersed repositories throughout the country. They would be at the immediate disposal of the population in times of emergency.

Secondly, not 'a minimum of meat' but a maximum should be produced in Great Britain; for it is livestock that keeps the soil in good heart.

It is reported that, in its embarrassment, the United States is considering giving wheat away to Soviet Russia. It is certainly more humane to give food away than to destroy it. But is not this a tacit acknowledgement of the failure that has befallen the American policy of interference with the price mechanism? It is in fact the result of price-fixing and subsidisation. Moreover, if American wheat is given to the Russians, they would be free to export either this or their own wheat, which would otherwise have served to feed them. Would not the American wheat provide Russia with the foreign exchange needed to buy armaments from abroad?

Food prices are everywhere far too high. This is mainly owing to the present American policy of artificially high farm prices. How long does the United States—the greatest food-exporters in the world—intend to pursue this unfortunate policy, which has thus been carried to the very extreme of absurdity?

In all modesty I would therefore suggest that the United States should return to a free economy. Necessary as they may be in times of emergency, attempts to control the movements of prices of agricultural products and indeed of any product are inconsistent with the peace-time activities of a democratic nation. Do the Americans still fail to understand that only world supply and world demand should be responsible for production and prices?

The free world market for all goods provides an international ballot by which millions of consumers are continually casting votes for or against millions of competing goods. Prices—thus maintained, raised, or lowered—regulate both production and consumption. Since these votes express individual preferences, the free market—in sharp contrast to the controlled market of the totalitarian system—represents rule by the people themselves. Unless this system is adopted, capitalism cannot survive, let alone triumph.

Yours, etc.,
London, E.C.2
PAUL DE HEVESY

Formosa: Bone of Contention

Sir,—Mr. Chen's letter in THE LISTENER of May 12 does not, with all respect, alter the validity of what I suggested in my talk is the present legal status of Formosa.

(a) No one has ever suggested that the taking over of Formosa by Chinese forces with full allied authority was wrong. But it did not in law amount to a cession of former Japanese territory to China.

(b) The articles of the treaties quoted by Mr. Chen cannot in law amount to a cession of Formosa to China. Japan had renounced her sovereignty and had nothing to cede; while the U.S.A. has never exercised sovereignty over Formosa.

I therefore maintain my conclusion that Formosa is not in law Chinese territory, whatever, from a political point of view, the situation ought to be. The argument that the occupation of Formosa in 1945 by Chinese troops amounted to a transfer of legal sovereignty is, incidentally, the argument used by Mr. Mao Tse-tung to support his claim to Formosa. I do not think that it is any more valid coming from Mr. Chen than it is coming from Mr. Mao.

Yours, etc.,
'BARRISTER-AT-LAW'

Sir,—In his letter published in THE LISTENER of May 12 Mr. Y. S. Chen inadvertently conveys the impression that in 1945 China took the surrender of the Japanese forces in Hong Kong and then handed the island back to Britain. That is not correct. The Chinese general on the mainland received instructions from his Government in Chungking that he was not to proceed to Hong Kong to take the surrender. The Japanese army, therefore, surrendered to the British who emerged from the internment camps and set up a temporary administration pending the arrival of a British admiral with a fleet from Singapore.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.5
J. T. PRATT

Law in Action

Sir,—In the course of his broadcast on 'Sovereign Immunities before English Courts', printed in THE LISTENER of May 12, Mr. R. Y.

Jennings dealt with the improved position of litigants in this country as regards sovereign immunity in the Courts since the passing of the Crown Proceedings Act 1947.

He did not, however, make any reference to the use of Crown privilege in this country which can cause as much harm and hardship to litigants as sovereign immunity. Any Minister of the Crown or senior civil servant may swear an affidavit claiming Crown privilege for the production of whole classes of documents, either on the grounds of national security, or that their production would be contrary to the public interest. The judges are not empowered to adjudicate on the documents to see whether they properly come within the scope of the grounds upon which the plea for Crown privilege is based.

Crown privilege can be extended to cover oral evidence as well as documentary evidence and here again there are no means of resisting the plea for the privilege which can deprive either party of the use of vital evidence.

Its use is not confined to actions to which the Crown is a party. The Crown can and does intervene in private lawsuits both to prevent documents being produced in Court, even where the documents are in the possession of private individuals, and also to suppress oral evidence. A letter published in *Hansard* was recently included among documents for which Crown privilege was claimed in a private libel action. A government department may know of pending litigation from the day the writ is issued and only at the eleventh hour a claim may be made for Crown privilege for vital documents after heavy costs have been incurred on both sides. The subject may suffer considerably, but is without redress against the state.

The leading case on Crown privilege (*Duncan v. Cammell Laird* 1942) arose out of the loss of the submarine *Thetis*. Lord Simon, in the course of his judgement, made this statement which should never be forgotten. Dealing with grounds which would not afford a minister adequate justification for objecting to production he said:

It would not be a good ground that, if they were produced, the consequences might involve the department or the government in parliamentary discussion or in public criticism, or might necessitate the attendance or otherwise of officials who have pressing duties elsewhere. Neither would it be a good ground that production might tend to expose a want of efficiency in the administration or tend to lay the department open to claims for compensation. In a word it is not enough that a minister or department does not want to have the documents produced.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

ESTHER IWI

Art from Abroad

Sir,—Reluctantly, because I greatly enjoyed Mr. David Sylvester's feline remark about M. Claude Venard in his article in *THE LISTENER* of May 12, I must ask you to let me correct some errors he has made about an article of mine on a series of Picasso's drawings, now being reprinted as the preface to the catalogue of an exhibition at the Marlborough Galleries.

Mr. Sylvester alleges that I esteem these drawings because they were done 'in a period of acute emotional disturbance' and I believe that an artist is 'most profound when he is most unhappy', and that I rate these drawings 'more highly than they deserve among the body of Picasso's work'. He goes on to announce with a sly detective air that he has discovered 'a clue' to these imaginary faults of mine, and that 'the clue is that her exposition of their merits relates entirely to their subject-matter'. He attempts to wean me from my delusion that the merit of a work of art consists of its subject-matter by

the announcement that 'great art, however, is not made with ideas'.

In point of fact, I mentioned that these drawings were done 'in a period of acute emotional disturbance' because as a matter of historic fact this is true. I made no deduction from it which supports the idiotic generalisation that 'an artist is most profound when he is most unhappy'. Nor did I express any opinion whatsoever on the relative importance of these drawings as a part of Picasso's creative work, because I assumed that any person intelligent enough to look at these drawings would also be intelligent enough to see that in spite of their undeniable beauty they were *hors concours* and that they had the special value of marginal annotations to the great work by the hand of the great man. I did, however, point out that they were of a confused character, often passing over into the field of criticism and often touched by 'that peculiar kind of passion . . . which shows that it was forced out of the artist by a violent personal experience'; and those remarks should have prevented Mr. Sylvester making his mistake.

I do not know why Mr. Sylvester imagines himself to have exercised gifts of detection to my disadvantage by his discovery that my 'exposition of their merits relates entirely to their subject-matter'. That is exactly what my article sets out to be, and is: an exposition of the subject-matter of these drawings. Except for a few sentences it deals with no other aspect of them. When I first saw the drawings I, like Mr. Sylvester, noted that, as he puts it, they dealt with 'just about every conceivable ramification of the theme of the relation between the painter and his model', and was struck, as he was, by 'the wonderful diversity of his ideas about it'. I therefore wrote an article about those ideas. But I was careful to make clear the limitations of this approach and warned the reader:

It is, of course, to be remembered that our first interest in Picasso's paintings should lie in their masses and colour and composition, and not in the ideas which attracted them to their subjects; and these drawings also should be considered first and foremost as what they are apart from what caused him to create them.

There is therefore not the faintest foundation for Mr. Sylvester's charge that I wrote an article on the subject-matter of Picasso's drawings under the misapprehension that the value of a work of art depends on its subject-matter.

Not that it really matters, or that I bear an amusing writer any grudge. But there are few things more wearisome than to write something and to have a critic read it carelessly, and then lecture one because one has not written exactly what one has in fact been careful to write.

Yours, etc.,

Ibstone

REBECCA WEST

'Son and Lover'

Sir,—In the course of Mr. Hardiman Scott's monumental symposium, 'Son and Lover' (Third Programme, May 8 and 10), the narrator, rapidly summing up the closing events of Lawrence's life, said: 'An exhibition of his paintings was held in London, but was visited by the police, and closed'. No blame attaches to the producers for this misstatement, which occurs in all the Lawrence biographies to which I have had access. But it is so spectacularly remote from the truth that I crave space to give the facts and dates of the exhibition, which was held in the Warren Gallery, my late wife's enterprise. They are before me as I write, since I am preparing a history of the exhibition for a forthcoming American publication.

The police 'visited' the exhibition on July 5, 1929, one day before a normal Warren Gallery exhibition would have been due to close—i.e., three weeks from its opening on June 15 (the private view was on June 14). Thirteen out of

twenty-five paintings were sequestered and in custody till after the hearing at Great Northborough Street on August 8. The gallery remained open throughout the raid; for my refusal to close it; and the exhibition continued on view, with its regular twice-weekly announcements in *The Times* until some date August 8. It was then replenished during by eight early Lawrence paintings, announced as 'More Paintings by D. H. Lawrence' (*Times*, July 21, 1929).

When researching *The Times* file in 1930 I did not check entries after August 8; but brought the exhibition to a close was a generous-structure notice served by the Local County Council, on the proprietors of Maddox Street, which necessitated the closing of the gallery until the end of October, 1929. This disturbance of her business my wife awarded damages in the High Court. Even so the thirty-one exhibitions held in the Warren Gallery during its seven-years' life, D. H. Lawrence's had the second longest run.

The perverse legend of the closing of the exhibition by 'the authorities', whoever they have been, sprang into existence on March 1930, in one of the 'obituaries' in which Rebecca West has said, 'the courtesy paid to corpse was so far as possible withheld'. Though the offending newspaper published a correction of its error over the signature of gallery's solicitors, it has persisted, deceiving even such of the elect as Mr. Aldington and H. T. Moore. It reappeared as recently as April in an article by a barrister on 'Obscene Libel', for which the Lawrence exhibition provided a case-history for a quarter of a century.

Edinburgh, 4

Yours, etc.,
P. COUTTS TROTT

Who First Said This?

Sir,—It was inexcusable of me to forget *Zuleika Dobson*, once so familiar to me. I used Sir Max's Greek tag "ὅτις τοιαῦτα ἔχει ἐν ἑδονῇ τοιαῦτα" as an epigraph to a piece of my own written in the 'twenties, with giving it an author, rightly supposing everyone would know it. It was from this that I got it the other day, having forgotten the source. I now hear from its author in Ray that 'Abraham Lincoln did not know this, for I came long after his time, and I invented it and put it into the mouth of Clive'.

Professor Gilbert Murray told me, when first wrote to you, that he remembered not of this kind in any Greek writer, so at present President Lincoln must be credited with an admirably incontrovertible remark, the hard of all reviewing. I am grateful to those who wrote to inform me of its origin.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1.

ROSE MACAUL

The New Reader

Sir,—Many of us when young read scores of novels, ancient and modern, in order to add quickly as possible to our knowledge of human relationships. We did not bother about criticism but absorbed anything that came our way.

Now we are older our experience actual vicarious has been sufficient for us to understand all but some of the more obscure by-products of life and our reading time is devoted to philosophy, history, literary criticism, and poetry. We need to know something about the new books that are published on these and kindred subjects. Perhaps this may throw light on some of our correspondent's perplexities.

How many of us read avidly through pages of 'The Listener's Book Chronicle', do not even glance at 'New Novels'?

Yours, etc.,

Cheltenham

G. A. GASCOIG

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Maupassant the Novelist. By Edward D. Sullivan. Oxford, for Princeton University Press. 32s.

JEAN DE MAUPASSANT has evoked remarkably little study and criticism in English. Henry James wrote a perceptive essay in 1888, before Maupassant's *oeuvre* had been completed; and admirably summed up; but there was nothing else of importance until Mr. Steegmüller's definitive biography in 1950. Maupassant's stories gushed so spontaneously from the creative source that there seemed little to say about these superbly natural narrations. It is through (the senses) alone, or almost alone, at life appeals to him', wrote James; 'it is most alone by their help that he describes it, at he produces brilliant works'. Few technical problems seemed to be involved, and Chekhov himself said all that could be said: 'In the face of the demands imposed by the art of Maupassant, it is difficult to work. But we must work anyway'.

Professor Sullivan, however, has discovered a fruitful subject for critical exposition in the novels of Maupassant, and the result is of great value and interest. His book is divided into two sections, the first of which is concerned with Maupassant's journalism—an activity he continued throughout his career in weekly *ironiques* for *Le Gaulois* and *Gil-Blas*, often under a pseudonym. 'There are 227 essays or *ironiques* by Maupassant known to me', writes Professor Sullivan, 'of which 185 have never been reprinted. They were written during the entire course of his literary life, the earliest in 1876, the last in 1891'. Much of this journalism consisted of travel-notes and social observation which Maupassant 'lifted' into his stories, but Professor Sullivan has distilled a substantial residue in which Maupassant considers his own technical problems and reviews the work of his fellow-craftsmen—the Goncourts, Bourget, Zola, Gide, and others. So little attention has been paid to his journalism that the preface to *Pierre et Jean* was thought to be the only instance in which Maupassant wrote about the craft of fiction—and that instance, occasioned by a dispute with his publisher, was not remarkable for its interest. In short', wrote Henry James, 'as a commentator M. de Maupassant is slightly common, while as an artist he is wonderfully rare'. The value of the attention devoted by Professor Sullivan to the journalism is the light it sheds on the technical problems Maupassant had to solve when he set himself to write novels.

Maupassant knew that one day he must 'prove' himself on the novel; the critics expected it of him, the public demanded it, and it was no matter of prestige—and sales. But it was no means easy to proceed from mastery in one genre to mastery in another: from the objective technique of the *conte* to the psychological complexities of the novel. The solution seemed to lie in resolving the problems which consistently ambush 'le romancier essentiellement objectif': how to accommodate 'the observer' into the narration, and how to make 'the joins' between the episodes. Professor Sullivan minutely examines the technical devices Maupassant adopted to overcome these difficulties. His classification of the novels is most revealing. He divides them into: 'The Novel by Addition' (*Une Vie*, *Bel-Ami*, *Mont-Oriel*); 'The Novel by Extension' (*Pierre et Jean*); and 'The Novel by Introspection' (*Fort comme la Mort*, *Notre Coeur*). As an example of Professor Sullivan's penetrating analysis it is sufficient to mention the mirror-device in *Bel-Ami* as a

means of achieving unity—an expedient which no previous critic seems to have noticed. The whole treatment of his subject is of absorbing interest, not only in the study of Maupassant but also in any consideration of the structure of the novel. Only two of Maupassant's novels were successful in solving his problems. 'Art is art', he once wrote in the *Gaulois*, 'that is all I know about it'.

The Battle of Crichel Down

By R. Douglas Brown.

Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

A *cause célèbre*, to live up to its label, must either present a dramatic clash of personalities or else it must be the focusing point of a whole range of hitherto diffused dissatisfactions. Crichel Down's hopes of an after-life in the history books, alongside Speenhamland or even (to hear some enthusiasts talk) Runnymede, can hardly rest on the personalities involved; interesting enough in their several ways, they are none of them the stuff out of which high drama can be squeezed. But the dispute was notable for the number, diversity, and importance of the issues it raised—property rights versus public interest, the citizen's demand to be heard versus the executive's desire for secrecy and despatch, the propriety of the manners and methods of modern bureaucracy, the efficiency of a great Department of State, a Minister's responsibility for the actions of his permanent officials, and the proper policy to be prescribed for British agriculture.

Mr. Douglas Brown has made the most of the personalities in the drama (Sir Thomas Dugdale's resignation is a story that loses nothing in the telling), but the great merit of his book is that he has thrown his net wide enough to bring all the diverse issues in, while at the same time treating each on its own merits unclouded by the verdicts he offers on the rest. This is the more valuable in that neither in the report of the official inquiry nor in the ensuing public debate were all these issues probed or even properly defined. Moreover Mr. Brown's journalistic skill has enabled him to do this in a way which will hold the interest of the layman while not offending the susceptibilities of the constitutional lawyer or the agricultural economist. Here and there in clothing the skeletons discovered in the Ministry of Agriculture's cupboard Mr. Brown has not been able to resist a little 'human interest' padding. But most of this on reflection will be found to justify its inclusion; we are certainly in no worse position to understand some of the inquiry's conclusions by reading the engaging story of Sir Andrew Clark's prowess as a pistol shot over the port. It seems odd, however, that a book devoted to unravelling such a complex story of property relationships does not include a sketch map of the disputed holdings.

Certainly *The Battle of Crichel Down* is the fullest available report of the whole *affaire*. On several points Mr. Brown's narrative goes well beyond the story as published in the inquiry's report and in the pages of Hansard, and itself acquires the status of an original source. This is because he has had access to Lieutenant-Commander Marten's copy of the full transcript of the evidence presented at the inquiry, a document which surprisingly the Ministry of Agriculture refused to make available to anyone except Members of Parliament. It should not be concluded from this that Mr. Brown's book is an *ex parte* statement. On the contrary he has,

as he rightly claims, eschewed partisanship; although his own inclinations may sometimes be guessed at, he has in general confined himself to presenting the facts and setting out alternative interpretations from which the reader can make his own choice.

In Britain, where party rancour and zeal for abstract justice are both easily quenched by a gesture of personal atonement or apology, a Crichel Down incident, for all its temporary notoriety, may yet die down leaving the public with the vague and erroneous supposition that because corruption has been disproved, a minister has resigned and some civil servants have been chastened, justice has therefore been done and the necessary remedies applied. Mr. Brown's book is a reminder that nothing could be further from the truth. Lieutenant-Commander Marten got his inquiry, but the recovery of his land remained hedged about with conditions, including the payment of substantial compensation to the tenant installed by the Commissioners. Sir Thomas Dugdale resigned but his scarcely less culpable colleague, Lord Carrington, did not. Sir Thomas' decision to grant an inquiry was made at his own discretion; how much it was due to the eminence of the petitioners, the representations of the National Farmers' Union, the pressure of tory back-benchers, and the Minister's own public spirit, we shall probably never know. And today, a year after the inquiry, very little exists, beyond the fading recollection of Crichel Down itself, to make another Crichel Down impossible.

The Second International, 1889-1914

By James Joll.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

It is surprising that till now there has been in English no even tolerably good brief account of the Second Socialist International, which ran its course between 1889, the centenary year of the great French Revolution, and the outbreak of the first world war in August 1914. During these years there existed, despite many internal disputes, a single Socialist International, to which almost every important Socialist organisation in Europe—and a few elsewhere—professed allegiance, only the Anarchists being excluded despite their repeated attempts to secure admittance.

Throughout this period, by far the most strongly organised Socialist Party was that of Germany, which in 1890 emerged successfully from its struggle against Bismarck's Anti-Socialist Laws and thereafter steadily increased its electoral influence and built up behind it a substantial Trade Union and Co-operative movement. Actively supported by Engels, the German S.D.P. established itself as a centralised, disciplined party professing revolutionary objectives but following in practice a policy of strict legality and parliamentary action. Other parties envied its success and largely set out to copy its methods, adapting them to the social and political conditions in which they had to act.

This German leadership, however, did not go unchallenged. Apart from the Anarchists, it had to meet strong currents of revolutionary Syndicalism, as well as reformist tendencies in countries, such as France and Great Britain, where many Socialists believed in the possibility of transforming, rather than overthrowing, the existing State and were prepared to co-operate with the more progressive *bourgeois* groups and parties. In Germany itself this reformism found an echo in the Revisionism of Eduard Bernstein; and, after the Russian Revolution of 1905, Rosa



Pincer movement

Over a million pairs of pincers and pliers moved out of this country last year. With them went nearly five million files, as many assorted axes and two thousand tons of hacksaw blades and twist drills.

These export figures for tools are a few out of many. They give some small idea of the world-wide demand for British-made steel products. Last year Britain's toolmakers alone earned £18 million for Britain.

Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

British steel leads the world

THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

uxemburg appeared as the leader of a left wing at had much in common with the Syndicalists and Direct Actionists of other countries. Nevertheless, right up to 1914, all these tendencies remained within the International, which, faced with the rapid increase of imperialist rivalries and the growing danger of European war, came to devote more and more of its efforts to an attempt to rally the whole working-class movement in defence of peace.

Keeping the peace in the Europe of the decades before 1914 meant, above all else, inducing the German and the French working masses to act together, with such help as they could get from the much less socialist British and from such other key groups as the Austrians, the Belgians, and the Italians. The Russians had to face at home a persecution so much more intense that, only revolutionary methods being open to them, they could play no great part in the International's everyday affairs, though the leading Russian Marxists, especially Plekhanov and Lenin, took an important part in the discussion of the means of preventing war. Lenin and Rosa Luxemburg were together largely responsible for the wording of the most critical clause of the Stuttgart resolution of 1907, in which the Socialist Congress attempted to lay down the course to be followed by the workers of the world in face both of the threat and of the actual outbreak of war. It is easy to see now how ambiguous and unrealistic this celebrated resolution actually was, and to how little it committed in particular the German Socialists. At the time, it seemed a great affair, and high hopes were built upon it—only to collapse as soon as actual war mobilisation confronted the workers in each country with the choice between accepting and disobeying the call to arms.

Mr. Joll, within the limits of his space, tells the story very well. He wisely concentrates attention on the few big issues and above all on the relations between the Germans and the French. He gives excellent pictures of Liebknecht and of Bebel and also of Jean Jaurès, whose devotion to internationalism and to Franco-German reconciliation he rightly acclaims. He also does full justice to Keir Hardie, as the outstanding British spokesman during the critical years before 1914. As against this, he says too little of the Belgians, on whose key position in the International's affairs—especially in relation to the Congo—he puts insufficient stress. This, however, is but a small blemish: Mr. Joll has put in so much in so few words and has made such excellent use of his evidently wide knowledge as to leave the intelligent, non-specialist reader very greatly in his debt.

My Many-coated Man

By Laurie Lee. André Deutsch. 6s.

When a writer consciously looks for an occasion about which he can write a poem he nearly always fails to do more than, at best, accurately describe it, when a poet is sought out by an occasion he often finds that his poem has added a significant explanation or commentary to it. Those who habitually look for material are probably not poets at all: they have not been forced into it. Mr. Laurie Lee is an exception. The independence and rare unpretentiousness, as well as the textual quality, of his poems indicate their necessity to him; yet their themes do not seem to have the compulsive intensity—the originality—of a real poet's.

This partly explains why Mr. Lee's diction is sometimes forced, even to the point of completing a stanza, unnecessary to the poem ('Boy in Ice'), by a 'poetical' rhyme:

In air, the shadow's face
My winter gaze lets fall
To see beneath the stream's bright bars
That other shade in thrall.

A pun on 'enthrall' may be intended; but if it is, it parallels rather than offers an ironic contrast to the poeticism—like the stanza, it adds nothing to the poem. The images and figures employed seldom arise naturally from the subject, yet they are not there to adorn it: they possess their own spontaneous, superior life. The theme is too often an artificial means of trapping this vitality. Such lack of interdependence between the overt subject and the details of its treatment makes Mr. Lee's poems look thinner than they are—as thin as his output. His best lines require a frame of poetry, of experience as real as that which prompted them, rather than the one which they are given. But Mr. Lee's poetic energy tends to diffuse itself into *minutiae* which he then groups together, willy-nilly, under irrelevant headings. This very tendency, which weakens his work, is the theme which would do greatest justice to his sensibility and talent. It is his failure so far to discover this incapacity, and to explore it poetically, which makes *My Many-coated Man* a disappointment: it robs it of the developed strength which most readers of *The Sun My Monument* and *The Bloom of Candles*, his earlier collections, will justly expect to find in it.

'The Easter Green', perhaps the one wholly achieved poem in the book, shows the power and beauty of language which he can command when his subject has commanded him.

Americans and Chinese. By Francis L. K. Hsu. Cresset Press. 30s.

Mr. Hsu is a Chinese sociologist who has lived in the United States since 1944 and has applied for American citizenship. In his book he tries, as a person with experience of both cultures and as a scientific investigator, to compare and contrast the basic patterns of American and Chinese life. He is not however writing in a spirit of cold detachment but 'in the interest of self-preservation'. He feels, not without justice, that western society, of which America is now the leader, is threatening to destroy the world and that nothing less than the curing of America's fundamental social ills can save her and the rest of us. The root cause of the illness of western society as a whole and American society in particular, he maintains, is individualism carried to an extreme in American 'self-reliance', which has broken up the primary groups and left people with a basic psychological insecurity. China, on the other hand, is the land where men find their security in the primary groups—the family, the clan, the village.

Mr. Hsu has interesting though not, perhaps, very original things to say both about America and about China, and the reversal of the point of view produces surprises. For example it will probably come as a shock to most westerners, whether Christian or not, to have the exclusive monotheism of Judaism and Christianity, which Mr. Hsu associates with individualism and self-reliance, contrasted unfavourably with the amorphous polytheism of China, which being inclusive rather than exclusive, is available as needed yet does not give rise to bigotry. It is good for us 'to see ourselves as others see us' and it is only to be hoped that, for British readers, the references to America will not merely appeal to anti-American prejudice but will sometimes be seen to have a wider application. Psychological unrest is a feature of life in the modern western world as a whole.

Yet is Mr. Hsu really as unbiased as he claims? Does he not go too far in attributing American institutions and behaviour to unconscious psychological motivation rather than to rational purpose? Can one really, for instance, discuss systems of government exclusively in terms of the attitudes to life of peoples, ignoring completely consciously held political ideas and

traditions developed through time? Is he not, on the other hand, too ready to accept the traditional rationalisations of Chinese society at their face value, and hence to paint too idyllic a picture of its harmony and security? He has no historical sense. He accepts uncritically the naive view of Chinese history as a mere cyclical ebb and flow without real change and development, and in general he attributes far too much to the determinism of static social patterns.

As might be expected the book has a good deal to say about communism, the reasons for its success in China, and the American reaction to that event. While Mr. Hsu is sensible in regarding the communist victory as brought about in China by the Chinese themselves and in attacking the wild view that it was the result of the 'treason' of a few American State Department officials, one suspects that his belief that communism is a bad thing has had more influence than sober analysis on his conclusion that it is a system, arising out of western individualism, which is utterly opposed to everything basic in Chinese society and which has been temporarily accepted merely out of expediency. It could as well be argued that the subversion of the individual in primary groups in old China would make the Chinese more amenable to this new form of collectivism.

Mr. Hsu is really only echoing western thinkers when he attributes our modern malaise to the atomising of society. There is no doubt 'something in it'. But does it help us very much, facing the prospect of thermo-nuclear annihilation, to be told that we must modify the basic attitudes and tendencies of western society? Recognition of the influence of such attitudes and tendencies and the attempt to put them under rational control, yes, but is there not a danger that exclusive concentration on a 'fundamental' solution may only be a form of escapism diverting our attention from immediate economic and political problems? And is there not something paradoxical in the spectacle of a Chinese assuring us on the one hand that idealism and the crusading spirit are foreign to his native culture and, on the other, advocating as the one panacea the remaking of society at its very roots, without indicating how we are to go about it?

Simone Weil. By E. W. F. Tomlin.

Bowes and Bowes. 6s.

Simone Weil's books speak for themselves. In reading them, to quote Mr. Tomlin's vivid sentence, 'it is as if we suddenly ceased to tread water, and felt with a shock and even a wince of pain the sharp pebbles of the shore'. The impact of her mind and of her unflinching personality is direct and often disconcerting. No study of her thought or of her short, intense, dedicated life can be a substitute for the immediate experience of her in her writings. For this reason Mr. Tomlin's essay is likely to be of more value as a postscript to her life and works than as an introduction to them. He owes much to the revealing commentaries of Father Perrin and Gustave Thibon. But, as Catholics, they were particularly concerned with her ambiguous attitude to their Church.

Mr. Tomlin can regard her with more detachment, accepting her own view of herself as standing 'at the intersection of Christianity and everything that is not Christianity', with no desire to have it otherwise. This does not prevent him from arguing that her attitude to Catholicism, as to the Jews or the Roman Empire, was often unfair and fundamentally unhistorical. He points out, too, her inconsistency in sowing anathemas liberally up and down her writings, and then citing the words *anathema sit* as shutting her out from the Church. But he sees her extravagances and aberrations as in no way lessening the authenticity of her religious experi-

The autobiography of **TENZING** **Man of Everest**

told to **JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN**



Tenzing became a hero overnight in May 1953 when he and Hillary conquered Everest. This is the little known story of his childhood and youth in a Sherpa village a day's march from Everest, of his 20 years in Darjeeling as porter on numerous expeditions, and of his life since 1953 as the hero of Everest. The famous climb is described in detail. 36 pp. of illustrations (4 in full colour) and 2 maps. 18/- (June 6)

Recommended by The Book Society

New Harrap Novels

THE CRAZY DOCTOR

by Arie van der Lugt

Story of the impact of an eccentric doctor on a remote Dutch village. "The setting and characters will be unusual and interesting for English readers."—*L'pool Post*. 12/6

THE SECRET ARMOUR

by Lucilla Andrews

The love story of nurse and a patient in a main London hospital. "Her second charming love story."—*Woman's Jnl*. 10/6

Recommended by The Book Society

Two Recommended Detective Stories

The Case of the SIX MISTRESSES

by Brigid Maxwell 10/6

PICK UP THE PIECES

by J. F. Straker 10/6

author of "Postman's Knock"

Strangest Creatures on Earth

Edited by Edward M. Weyer

A feast of good reading. Naturalists describe in popular style ant lions that walk backwards, spiders that lasso their prey, lizards that swim through desert sands, and many other fabulous creatures.

Fully illustrated. 15/- (May 23)

HARRAP



TRAVELLERS in search of the spirit of a country in its scenery, national customs, architecture, sport, food and wine will find the **Introducing** books invaluable. Cedric Salter's **Introducing Spain** and Lovett F. Edwards' **Introducing Yugoslavia** are uniform with:

G. E. R. Gedyé

Introducing Austria

Here is expert advice on where to go, what to see and how to enjoy Austria's inimitable beauties. Illustrated 18s

Ralph Tymms

German Romantic Literature

An account of romantic principles and of their interpretation in German literature from 1795 to 1830. 25s

G. H. L. Le May

British Government 1914-53: Select Documents

The changes in structure and conventions of British Government since 1914 are shown in detail for the first time. 25s

L. E. Elliott-Binns, D.D.

Medieval Cornwall

'scholarly and highly readable ... a first-rate piece of research, full of interest in everyday matters' (*The Sphere*)

Illustrated 35s



Every
home
has
room
for a



Remington Portable

Homes with busy fathers, letter-writing mothers, sons and daughters at school or college. They all need Quiet-riter, latest and loveliest of Remington's portable range. Every modern feature and wonderful good looks, too.

Remington
Quiet-riter PORTABLE

With Miracle Tab, Finger-fitting keys, simplified ribbon change, and many other exclusive features
£32.10.0 WITH MIRACLE TAB
£30.10.0 WITHOUT TAB

YOUR LOCAL DEALER will gladly give a Quiet-riter demonstration and explain Remington's H.P. terms that make it easy to own this wonderful portable.

★ VINCENT STUART LTD ★ VINCENT STUART LTD ★ VINCENT STUART LTD ★

PUBLISHED LAST MONDAY

Volume 4

PSYCHOLOGICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE
TEACHING OF GURDJIEFF & OUSPENSKY

MAURICE NICOLL

25s.

'They will remain the standard work on the subject as long as these ideas are of interest to mankind'

KENNETH WALKER

★ VINCENT STUART LTD ★ VINCENT STUART LTD ★ VINCENT STUART LTD ★

The Springtime of Life

Help us to disperse the clouds
in children's lives, and fulfil
for them the promise of Spring.

This Voluntary Society has nearly
5,000 children now in its care,
depending on YOUR HELP.

DONATIONS and LEGACIES gratefully
received by the Secretary,
CHURCH OF ENGLAND

**CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY**

(formerly WAIFS AND STRAYS)

Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11



BRITISH WRITER AND WRITING TO-DAY A special issue of SATURDAY REVIEW

This unique 100-page illustrated issue of the well-known American journal SATURDAY REVIEW is of special significance. Devoted solely to a review of BRITISH WRITERS AND WRITING TO-DAY, it is available in this country as a special "once only" importation. Supplies are limited.

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

Cyril Connolly
Herbert Agar
Stephen Potter
J. D. Scott
Fred Hoyle
Louis Untermeyer

2s. 6d.

On sale now at
all Booksellers

nce. Her self-hatred has its psychological aspect, but this for him is irrelevant in one of her spiritual stature. Yet spiritually she is, as he admits, 'the symbol of the end of an era'. Like Kierkegaard, she lived 'in a perpetual condition of loneliness and anxiety bordering on despair', separated by her own vital honesty from all that had become false in traditional religion and culture, but unable to perceive the light of a new spiritual cycle which was beginning, however dimly, to dawn outside the

agonising conflict of belief and scepticism. The torments of the spiritually displaced person are terribly real and the heroism of those few who at once accept and transcend them is great. Simone Weil was one of these, and out of her experience of 'affliction', though it had its morbid elements, she gained her singular insight into the relationship between the soul and its divine source. In her conception of 'attente', of 'distance', and of 'gravity and grace', she rediscovered truths affirmed by other mystics,

Christian and non-Christian. But she made them intensely her own by the original power of her mind and all the pain they cost her to live. Mr. Tomlin examines each of these concepts briefly and helpfully and also the diagnosis of a diseased society contained in *The Need for Roots*. Much of this book, as he remarks, consists of demolition work. Indeed all her writing is, in some degree, directed towards the demolition of a rootless self. So was her life, of which Mr. Tomlin gives an excellent brief account.

New Novels

Crime without Punishment. By Anthony Heckstall-Smith. Wingate. 12s. 6d.

The Boy in Blue. By Monica Stirling. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

The Slaughterhouse Informer. By Edward Hyams. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

Moonraker. By Ian Fleming. Cape. 10s. 6d.

FINGO *fingere finxi fictum*, we chanted (it seemed all summer afternoon), 'to feign, fib, fiddle, lie, deceive, pretend'—one of us at least unaware that in later years he was to find himself at a desk piled high with (etymologically speaking) organised lying, and commissioned to deliver his judgements upon it. For Fiction is undoubtedly Fibbing, as any Puritan Father would have been the first to point out with satisfaction: it is the reviewer's task merely to estimate how far his author's lies are white or black ones.

The novel is a general form, however, and occasionally a piece of pure fact may find shelter between its covers: of this sort purports to be Mr. Anthony Heckstall-Smith's *Crime without Punishment*. This is straight autobiography: nevertheless it has strict unity of action, narrative, form, and incidents far less often encountered in fact than in fiction. It can indeed only be distinguished from the novel proper by its author's claim that these highly coloured incidents are in fact true.

Mr. Heckstall-Smith's first and only other book was called *Eighteen Months*, and was about doing just that. It was a patently honest and objective account, and an intelligent one, which left the reader with the very large query 'What on earth was this man in prison for?'

Crime without Punishment is the answer, and a brilliant and almost incredible story it is. Roughly speaking, Mr. Heckstall-Smith was incarcerated for being, in his own words, 'a bloody fool' with other people's money—the reader has the uncomfortable feeling that he too would probably have been, under the circumstances, just as much of a bloody fool himself. The author says that he fell in with a family who, unknown to him, were a gang of international share-pushers; they met him quite casually and obviously liked him, and he liked them. But friendship is one thing and business another, and when favourable occasion arose, he states that they decided to use their new friend as a cat's-paw, and that in a big way; that they set him up as a share-broker, engaged in some most ingenious fiddles, and absconded with the kitty (the reader must excuse all these cats and kitties), leaving Mr. Heckstall-Smith to face the music, hold the baby, etc.

What raises this book far above the level of the mere hard-luck story is the quality of the author's writing and observation. The objective and unembittered analysis of his relations with his alleged dupers is particularly brilliant; between himself and them there was so strong a natural sympathy and liking, that the fraud and deceit which he claims to have been their very way of life became, in a sense, as much their tragedy as his, and he himself, though believing himself wantonly and heartlessly betrayed by

them and concerned through the medium of this very book to bring them to belated justice, would obviously in a world without social credit and financial systems be their intimate still. If Mr. Heckstall-Smith's facts are indeed correct, *Crime without Punishment* seems to me to raise questions both about British police practice, as exemplified in this case, and about a penal system which has no other sanction than to put 'bloody fools' in the same categories and institutions as 'wicked men': but its principal merit is that all too rare one of being a 'human document' which is at the same time both sensitive and sincere.

Most of the things that happen in us in 'real life', of course, make fit material for neither autobiography nor fiction: the more harrowing they are to experience, the more banal they are, in general, to read of. A young man's desire is divided between a beautiful and cultured, but middle-aged, woman and a simple inelegant girl of his own age, for instance: the one offers him understanding, experience, and the *entrée* to the world of sophistication and fashion; the other the relaxed animal companionship of equals—a very real and heart-rending situation for any young man in life, but in literature one of the hoariest chestnuts out of the plot-book, to be eschewed by any but the subtlest and the surest-footed writer. Fortunately Miss Monica Stirling is precisely a writer of this sort, and *The Boy in Blue* comes as fresh and original as if its tale had never been told before—as if indeed it were not art but life, since in life nothing (not even 'history') repeats itself, if only for the very good reason that although the same things happen, they happen to different people. Indeed, everywhere but in the thriller or novel of suspense, the position is perfectly simple: the intelligent writer can treat of any subject, no matter how commonplace, and the result will be intelligent; and no matter how unusual intrinsically, the stupid writer cannot make of his material anything that is not essentially stupid. Miss Stirling seems to me a very intelligent and penetrating writer indeed; so that I need give *The Boy in Blue* no further recommendation.

The Slaughterhouse Informer, by Mr. Edward Hyams (whose sardonic Assyrian mask grins impenetrably from the dust-jacket at me as I write, with the firm intention, I am convinced, of putting myself and any other reviewer permanently off his stroke), has not more than a single toe in life, the other nine being planted firmly in fantasy, satire, and life as it isn't but ought to be. *The Slaughterhouse Informer* is an obscure trade-journal for abattoir-workers which a small group of *littérateurs*, attracted by the name, decide to take over and transform into 'A Paper for Angry People'. By daring to print nothing but the 'unpublishable' articles and stories of

the famous, they achieve a series of scoops; and they invent the most succulent newspaper-competition, the precise details of which wild cats and kitties will not drag out of me. This is the mere framework for a farrago of gorgeous nonsense. Mr. Hyams has all the equipment of the born satirist: he is level-headed, he is unembittered, and folly moves him less to wrath than laughter. Certainly he has not the terrible *sæva indignatio* of a Swift; on the contrary, when he is most clear-sighted, he remains most kind: but the anger of Swift has always seemed to me something beyond mere satire, even alien to it—what has satire to do with the fire that fell upon Gomorrah? *The Slaughterhouse Informer* is adult, ingenious, and witty: don't start reading it in bed, unless you have not to get up in the morning.

Mr. Ian Fleming is one of the most accomplished of thriller-writers. His latest offering, *Moonraker* (concerning a secret super-rocket of that name), is as mercilessly readable as all the rest. Indeed, *unputdownability* is not only his chief literary merit but (I should almost say) his only one, did I not realise that such an uncanny power to grip the attention must be the effect of a rigorous control of style and language. Certainly Mr. Fleming's matter and character-drawing are no more than commonplace; but his ancient mariner's eye is so compelling that it is a force to be reckoned with on its own. The reader would be not in the least grateful to me for a *résumé* of the plot of *Moonraker*—on the contrary: so I refrain. But I will say that Mr. Fleming seems to me too eager to inspire an easy and illegitimate thrill by mere blood and butchery. His last novel, *Live and Let Die*, sinned grievously in this respect; *Moonraker* is comparatively innocuous and may, I hope, be an augury of bloodless revolutions in the future. But both novels end with extraordinarily crude and naive adolescent pillow-fantasies in which the hero and a half-clad girl are jammed or tied together and snapped-at by sharks, blasted by steam-hoses, or whatever. They'll be stuffed cosily and intimately in a barrel of nails next time, I dare say. This all seems a pity, because Mr. Fleming is evidently far too accomplished to need to lean upon these blood-and-thunder devices: he could keep our hair on end for three hundred pages without spilling more blood than was allowed to Shylock.

Reviewers' corrections are, I admit, tiresome: but I must recommend Mr. Fleming to re-examine the critical bridge-hand in which the hero makes Seven Clubs out of a couple of near-Yarboroughs. Certainly he is in a position to do so; but his opponents are in a position to overbid him with Seven Spades! And make six of them.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Contests, Election and Other

'HE SENDS ME', says Beryl Reid in her more than merely funny sketch of a girl assistant at the multiple-store record counter. She is not speaking of any of the politicians, small fry compared with her hero-type. No, the politicians do not address us in the accents of compulsion, as 'angels out of clouds'. They manifest themselves on our screens in no unique combination



'From Tropical Forests': James Fisher with a cockatoo, one of the birds which he showed on May 14 from the aviary at the London Zoo

of character and mind. Mr. Macmillan made us feel that we were unappreciative poor relations. Mr. Attlee stirred us to no emotion whatever. More televised election broadcasts will have taken place before this is in print. It does not seem, so far, that they are likely to add much to the pleasures of viewing, except for those who are mesmerised by marginal focal points, Macmillan not knowing what to do with his glasses, Attlee fidgeting with his pipe.

The Conservative Party programme included a slick recapitulation on film of government achievements. It showed ration-book bonfires as a symbol of release from controls and confronted us with a tenement lavatory pan as an avowal of what else will go if the voting comes out right. The Labour Party programme was given a cosy, chintzy setting, suggesting a mortgage up to, say, £4,000. Nowhere did it formally contradict the idea that the cameras were actually in Mr. Attlee's front parlour; in fact, it was a studio reproduction and, for its purpose, a good one. With his wife there to accentuate the cosiness, Mr. Attlee reproduced, with equally good effect, his air of well-pensioned imperturbability. Mr. Macmillan did not do that. He seemed perturbed. That either programme steadied the doubts of hesitant voters is quite a question.

For a critic, the virtue of such programmes is that at least they provide an excuse for television to do what it does best, reporting the here and now, putting us in touch with life as it is being lived, however unenterprisingly. As the most contemporary means of communication, empowered to co-opt the others, it loses much of its justification when it is set meandering off on memory-lane excursions which employ so much B.B.C. effort. VE-Day, for example: several

producers assumed in us a sentiment for the tenth anniversary that may not have been so strong as they supposed. Last week, there was the 'Western Approaches' film, made in 1944 to illustrate a phase of the war calling for the limit in human courage and endurance. Used ten years after, commemoratively, it kept us viewing out of respect rather than from irresistible appeal. Its hour and a quarter seemed much too long; half that time, as we saw the next night, can be filled altogether more satisfyingly by programmes like 'Number 731', showing the building of a liner on the Clyde, and the visits to the British Industries Fair and the Rhondda Valley: first-rate television, illustrating the living minute. Coexistence: that is television's business, and you cannot discount it by quoting 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' The success of that programme depends more on live archaeologists than on dead objects.

Whether Don Cockell wins or loses—I write, again, ahead of events—it cannot be disputed, I think, that he is a well-behaved boxer in the tradition of Tom Cribb and Jem Belcher, whose civility and silence were part of their lustre. The point is relevant to what we saw in the 'Golden Gloves Boxing' programme from the Empire Pool, Wembley, where an American fighter refused to shake hands with his British opponent when the referee stopped the fight in the latter's favour. Exasperation, at nursery level, was writ large on our screens, which a few minutes later had us horribly fascinated by the end of a contest which, in its beginning, looked as if it would give America the overall victory. Hope, for England, and Jenkins, for America, battled themselves to a pathetic and shambling standstill, from which the Englishman's arm was presently held aloft like the mast of a raft foundering in thunderous seas: the microphones could hardly hold the crowd's noise. Golden gloves, maybe, but it was a golden crown that was fought for on the banks of Ilissus. Television showed us once again that 'noble art' is a rhapsodist's metaphor which loses its shine when exposed to the rancours of the international ring.

On Saturday night television 'News and Newsreel' brought on Freddie Mills to give his views on points of topical controversy. He made good use of the chance, an oblique reminder of what televised boxing owes to Harry Carpenter, the best of its regular commentators, never verbose, good for pregnant pauses, clear to the meanest

viewing intelligence. Taking his place in the Wembley programme, Fred Verlander, perhaps from inexperience, overdid the claret-tapping parts: 'You can probably see the blood now' and 'That's an adrenalin swab they're putting up his nose', making America's 'Pride of the Peninsula' seem even less heroic than he proved to be against T. Nicholls of England.

There were other commentators of the week in different spheres, who did better: Berkel Smith in the Clyde programme, Hywel Davies in 'The Rhondda', Barrie Edgar at the British Industries Fair, where James Pestridge went rounds efficiently too, and Lady Barnett, in the same place. The dominant voices at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, those of Dorian Williams and Bill Allenby, were irritatingly unctuous perhaps on account of the propinquity of majesty; the cameras dwelt with intermitted respect on the castle walls.

Two of the programmes mentioned, 'Number 731' and 'The Rhondda', were part of an experiment in regionally produced television that promises well for the future, in which B.B.C. television may be forced to draw more deeply on its outlying resources. They may prove to be of untold value in the new competitive time that are rapidly drawing near. On Sunday afternoon there was a transmission from Hereford Cathedral, where we saw the men and women of a lush countryside asking blessings on crops come. It was the first televised Rogation service and the local spirit could not have been interpreted more movingly.

Speaking against the pleasures of the people apt to set the anonymous letter writers aflame, I risk a new onslaught in saying that I do not like zoos. But I watched James Fisher's programme on tropical birds with considerable interest and some small profit to knowledge. His lore must be tremendous. Like Peter Scott, he does not burden us with it. He brings to television an attractively diffident manner, a charm from its professional thrusters.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Famous Victories

I AM A GREAT ONE for *not* going to festivals. I can avoid it. I have formed, indeed, a one-man society for letting festivals come to me. Around I see my harassed friends clutching



The Battle of Trafalgar: part of a television programme from the Bath Festival on May 13



Barbara Mullen as Maggie Wylie and Gordon Jackson as John Shand in 'What Every Woman Knows' on May 15

duous baggage and straining towards airport or station. 'Whither way?' say I, well knowing. 'To the festival, of course', they say, accents, I notice, far from joyous. No need either to ask what the festival offers. In the Faroes or the Azores, in Paisley or Puddlecombe, it is always the same. 'Cosi fan tutte' in front of the Minster (if wet, in the Baths Hall). Recital by Miss Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. Recital by Mr. Claudio Arrau. Guitar solos by Mr. Julian Bream, and, of course, country dancing on the meads by members of the Mothers' Union and Girls' Friendly Society.

But Bath, now, that is something different. When I heard that they were to enact the battle of Trafalgar there under Admiral Moran Caplat of Glyndebourne I nearly took the rain. Then I noted that televisioners would see it, like everything else, so I thought to save my fare. So after a half-hour spent watching Miss This and Major That bumping round and round in the streaming rain, knocking over the horse jumps at Windsor, I settled back 'with the greatest glee to watch his famous victoree'.

It turned out, however, to be as I had not imagined it. No boats afloat after all. Instead, it was scout masters and charming girls dressed up as ships in sail, who walked about on damp grass in the gloaming firing squibs at one another! Across the windswept plain, loudspeakers wafted us the conversations in the wardrobe of the Victory, and Lady Hamilton and Nelson mouthed away at one another in dumbshow, for all the world as if that jolly opera by Lennox Berkeley and Alan Pryce-Jones had been put on in an ice-rink. Excitement mounted speedily; one sat forward agape. And then—Bang! Like a cannon ball, the heavy hand of fate struck millions of watchers 'twixt the eyes. Vision failed. For the next twenty seven minutes we watched a notice which said 'The Battle of Trafalgar'. Somewhere in the shock of disappointment I remember hearing the famous words 'Kiss me, Hardy' emerging oddly from a

darkening screen—and then we were back to Mr. Hobley and the weather report. In the circumstances all I can do is put up a temporary card myself which reads 'Normal criticism will be resumed as soon as possible'!

It must be ten years since Barbara Mullen played Maggie Wylie in Shaftesbury Avenue. She is admirably cut out for the part, and even if Hilda Trevelyan gave it more charm, Miss Mullen was more convincingly the ruthless little Scottish wife. I like this play—from a technical point of view, if for no other reason. 'What Every Woman Knows' has one of the best first acts ever written. I have seen it survive innumerable performances by amateurs in play competitions, and of course it was to be expected that it would succeed brilliantly on television. But isn't the rest of the play now rather a bore, a sermon, a revelation to the converted and the defeated (males)? It needs somehow to be set against the sex war at its noisiest, against a really militant Women's Suffrage campaign. Today, husbands have long ago abdicated. In the great matriarchies of the English-speaking world there is no surprise in the moral that it is the 'little woman' who is really the one who makes a man's way in the world. Every advertisement proclaims as much.

As for the electioneering—but softly . . . Not a word of that, if you please, till after May 26. But Maggie married is much less fun than Maggie of the first act. And Barrie did not

harshly, and with that inimitable Swedish twang she answers: 'No, I'm huppy: I read cook-books', and then gives a heavenly smile.

Similar delights in the little opera 'A Dinner Engagement', by Lennox Berkeley and Paul Dehn, also lie ahead at the time of writing, but I note with interest that Monday's production is to be repeated on Thursday. This, separated by the ever impressive 'Thunder Rock', makes up a pleasant pattern for the early half of the week. As the British summer draws on it is pleasant to light the gas, draw the thick curtains and sit, snug, watching those rows and rows of wooden plank seats on which, *aux temps des fêtes*, the lucky and lordly sit, rain-lashed and chill.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Old Master

ALTHOUGH he would have been startled to hear it, the Mantuan Prince who is at the centre of Henry Reed's tragi-comedy, 'Vincenzo' (Third), had some affinity with Kipling's trooper: 'The more you 'ave known o' the others The less will you settle to one'. Marcello Donati would have agreed. This tactful counsellor, whom Robert Marsden phrased with delicacy, observed in the presence (of all people) of Francesco de' Medici and Bianca Cappello, that having had much experience of the problems of married life in titled families, he felt they deserved — nay, commanded — 'a different species of judgement'. It would have been an ill day for any courtier who did not feel that special pleading was justified. Mr. Reed's exciting play from the dying fall of the Renaissance rests upon the figure of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Prince, and later Duke, of Mantua. Nobody knew more of the problems of marriage in titled families than this carelessly charming libertine who had what Byron apostrophised as 'the fatal gift of beauty'. Hugh Burden came direct from a great ceremonial portrait as the Prince, ruffling and reckless, who dwelt in 'the revolving circles of domestic damnation'. He gave his favours impartially, shattering hearts as he went, without desire to be cruel: a child of his age and of his rank, throned there in Mantua against the glow of the Renaissance sunset.

'I will always come back', he said to Ippolita when he was a youth, barely nineteen, among the roses of Colorno. The roses withered. Rashly, he spent the years. Despairing, his first wife, the mere girl Margherita Farnese, sought a convent, epilogue to a golden day when all the bells of Parma had rung for marriage. Eleonora de' Medici, of the house of Florence, was next; there were four children, but Vincenzo's heart was elsewhere, with Agnese (Barbara Couper). It was ever elsewhere. Henry Reed has charted its wanderings in a play, close-textured, that takes the imagination powerfully, with the Italian names, Mantua, Parma, de' Medici, unfurling like banners in the evening light.

Memories stay: the iteration of the phrase, 'roses of Colorno'; the grief of Margherita, expressed touchingly by Gwen Cherrell; the passing into the darkness of Francesco de' Medici and his Bianca (Norman Shelley and Gladys Young), undivided in death; the bringing of the bastard child to Eleonora (Barbara Lott) in the Mantuan palace; the sorrow that, in the last moments, overwhelms Margherita when Vincenzo—separated from her for thirty years—



An incident in 'Bless 'em All!', a programme of Variety, on May 9, for the tenth anniversary of VE-Day, with (left to right) Kenneth Horne, Richard Murdoch, Sam Costa, and Jack Warner

breathe much life into the male animal; nor for that matter into his French countess whose famous line 'Arcades ambo- Scotchies!' probably puzzles more people today than pleases or annoys them. Gordon Jackson, Joan Haythorne, and others were all well chosen, and Chloe Gibson's name on the bill was an earnest of quiet competence in the production. Amateur groups will, I feel sure, redouble their efforts after this.

If one sits still, not only do the Festivals come to you. Many past pleasures are summoned up. Among these I would put a programme which is due tonight (Thursday) celebrating Miss Greta Garbo, about whose status as an actress there is dispute, about whose beauty few disagree. 'Camille', incidentally, listed in the excerpts to be shown, is 'The Lady of the Camellias' in which she plays Marguerite—'Camille' being only the name in the U.S.A. for some confusing reason. I shall hope to see what is my favourite scene, where Miss Garbo is asked if she doesn't find life in the country a bit slow. Heavily,



We take all the various PLASTICS materials and by dint of long experience and, we hope, some imaginative skill, turn them into the telephone case on your desk, the radio cabinet by your fire-side, the instrument panel in your car and many other familiar things.

And, since our organisation is one of the largest of its kind in the world, our output is on a scale to satisfy the largest industrial enterprises.

we put them to work



**NATIONAL PLASTICS
(Sales) LTD**

Sales organisation for **BRITISH MOULDED PLASTICS LTD.** AVENUE WORKS, WALTHAMSTOW AVENUE, LONDON, E.4.
LARKSWOOD 2323



Madam will you walk...?

Walk? Too warm.....

Or swim?

Too lazy.....

See a film then?

I want to see the sun set on the water.....

A deck chair in the shade—

That's better.....

And a cool, cool drink—

Better still.

And dance in the evening?

You have a way with you.....

Not me, dear lady. Cunard. They have all the answers to jaded mentalities and lethargic limbs.

Do sit still. You're making me feel energetic.

Cunard

—the Hallmark of Sea Service

For full information apply: Head Office, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3 (Liverpool Central 9201) 15 Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Whitehall 7890) 88 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3 (Avenue 3010) or your local travel agent



THE "QUEENS" - WORLD'S LARGEST LINE

CUNARD NEXT SAILINGS

* SOUTHAMPTON TO NEW YORK					
* QUEEN MARY (via Cherbourg)	May 1	
* QUEEN ELIZABETH (via Cherbourg)	May 2	
* QUEEN MARY (via Cherbourg)	June	
* SOUTHAMPTON TO CANADA					
* SCYTHIA (via Havre to Quebec)	May 2	
* SAMARIA (via Havre to Quebec)	June	
* LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK					
* PARTHIA	May 2	
* BRITANNIC (via Cobh)	June	
* MEDIA	June 1	
* LIVERPOOL TO CANADA					
* FRANCONIA (via Greenock to Quebec)	May 2	
* ASCANIA (to Quebec & Montreal)	May 3	

as before a reunion. There is comedy, too: a diplomatic message of the Duke of Mantua to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, as tactful as Winburne's letter to Emerson about 'the gap-toothed and hoary-headed ape'; the story of the gel that appeared over Vincenzo in the battlefield ('They appear sometimes at certain moments . . . hovering', said Mr. Burden with the nicest timing); the brief reign of the Neapolitan singer, Adriana (Marjorie Westbury). The child is born to her. 'And who is the child's mother?'—She hopes to discover that later on: 'it is the old tale. In a parenthesis now and again, Mr. Reed tempts the mind down other corridors. That, for example, of the Scot, Crichton, whom Vincenzo stabbed, and the painter who is told, inevitably, of the angel above the battlefield? Well, my dear Rubens, think about it, will you? 'Rubens has very little to say', the Duke serves, 'but he has the root of the matter in him'. Produced with quiet art by Douglas Leverdon, and spoken aptly by all its cast—set around the figure of Hugh Burden's Vincenzo—is assuredly a radio play for revival. It impresses one to think that today the industries of Mantua are tanneries and breweries.

There is a passage in 'The Same Sky' (Home) in which the Jewess Esther and her 'Goy' ever shelter on the steps of a tube station during a raid in the winter of 1940. Presently siren sounds the all-clear. As Esther cries, 'It's rather alert, not the all-clear; I'm sure it's rather alert', one remembers Juliet when she sung to Romeo in the Veronese daybreak (not far from Mantua): 'It was the nightingale, and of the lark, that pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear'. Yvonne Mitchell, the actress-ratmatist, and Hugh David acted the little scene sensitively. It was indeed a quietly distinguished revival of a play—produced by David H. Godfrey—that makes its appeal for religious and racial tolerance in the simplest, the most sincere terms. Joan Miller, as the Jewish mother, as life itself.

The course of true love at last found an untroubled reach when the serial version of 'The Fortunes of Nigel' (Home) ended on Sunday. Duncan Macrae's James I ruled the play, an idiosyncratic performance that found unerringly the accent and stress. The latest 'Star Bill' (Light), a programme that claims (incautiously) to present 'the best in Britain's show business', seemed to have run into cloudy weather. It cleared only during those Irving Berlin tunes at the end: the summons of an old master.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Personalities

THE FRUSTRATING, harrowing, and purging impact of life in a prisoner-of-war camp is a far cry from the precision and discriminations of the law, and it was a surprising change for a listener who had recently been engrossed by Professor C. J. Hamson's cool, clear talks on 'English and French Legal Methods' to hear him describe on the Third Programme his experience of nearly four years of captivity following on defeat and capture in Crete in June 1941. Most of this time, until his release in April 1945, was spent in prisoner-of-war camps in Germany. The disintegrating effect of defeat, he said, when capture does not follow, is healed by the activities of reorganising and refitting, but capture plunges the victims into an appalling loneliness, a vacuum in which they are faced by the full force of their disaster. He then explored with a variety of striking detail the mental and bodily effects of this harrowing experience both on himself and his companions. I have seldom—indeed, never, I think—heard such a profound and enthralling analysis of human experience.

The rest of my week's listening consisted of three character studies, the subjects all more or less familiar to Third Programme listeners. In 'Bernard Shaw: personal memories and evocations', Esmé Percy talked of his first meeting with Shaw in 1905 or 1906, and his last, when Shaw lay dying; and between the two he recalled various incidents in their long acquaintance. I never met Shaw, but I frequently saw him and heard him lecture, and those lectures, scintillating, stimulating, aggressive, bumptious, were first-rate entertainment, but they would have placed him on my list of famous writers I didn't want to meet, had it not been that friends of mine knew him and gave me the very different impression of a charming, kindly person, an excellent conversationalist who never monopolised the conversation. Mr. Percy, too, left an impression which corrected the popular and public one. He quoted, it is true, a post-card from Shaw to him, saying 'I have seen your infamous performance of John Tanner', but he also recalled his remark on D. H. Lawrence's play 'The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd': 'I wish I could write such dialogue. In mine I always hear the typewriter'. The talk painted a portrait of an immensely dynamic but very human being.

D. H. Lawrence—'Son and Lover'—was the subject of a longer broadcast, one of those bulky portmanteau programmes, invented, I believe, by W. R. Rodgers, in which relatives, friends, and acquaintances combine to paint a composite portrait. It is nearly always an expensive portrait, in the sense that the listener pays top price in endurance for what he gets, though that may be well worth having. 'Son and Lover', which I heard when repeated on Tuesday, knocked some pounds off the bill by unexpectedly ending nearly twenty minutes before the advertised time. Even so I felt that the portrait would have gained by judicious pruning. Still, it brought me welcome additions to my idea of Lawrence the man, most of them from speakers such as his sister, Mrs. King, and Dr. Chambers, who had known him in his early years.

The third character was 'Tolstoy's Wife'. This was a reading by Gilbert Harding of the translation of an unpublished fragment by Maxim Gorky which appeared last week in THE LISTENER. It is of great interest to anyone who has read a biography of Tolstoy and so knows something of the tragic history of 'the union of this ever-diverse pair'; and not only for that, but also for the light it throws on the character of Gorky himself. For though, as he admits at the outset, he never liked Sofia Andrejevna and she was unfriendly and often almost offensive to him, he bore her no malice but accepted her hostility with entire understanding. And in the rest of the fragment he proceeds to condone and justify much of what many have considered her outrageous behaviour and to praise her tact and intelligence in coping with many of the difficult problems that faced her. Gorky was the son of a dyer, and as a child lost both his parents and thenceforward led a life of hardship, drudgery, and disappointment until, late in his twenties, he began to gain recognition as a story-writer. He was a revolutionary, and his most typical characters are tramps, outcasts, people in revolt against society. That such a man should be able to give unrequited sympathy and understanding to a woman such as Sofia Andrejevna shows a wonderful generosity of heart and mind.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

A Wagnerian Conductor

LAST WEEK began the annual performances of 'Der Ring' at the Royal Opera House, and listeners to the Third Programme were able to hear the second part of the cycle. It seems a

pity that the whole is not being made available, for, certain minor imperfections apart, the performance of 'Das Rheingold' was excellent; and, though 'Die Walküre' makes a fairly satisfactory independent drama, the most human in the cycle, it inevitably loses much of its significance, if we do not hear what went before and what comes after. This year we are to miss 'Siegfried', too, and pass on to 'Götterdämmerung' some weeks ahead in the second cycle.

There is something to be said for listening to Wagner's scores at home without the distractions of inadequate scenic presentation. One can then, with the aid of one's knowledge and imagination, conjure up an ideal production in accordance with the composer's directions, and not in accordance with the different notions of producers who funk the difficulties and even omit what can be easily done. Let it be said, however, that this year's performance has so far been less irritating in this respect than usual and that the level of acting, by Wagnerian standards, is exceptionally high. This must also make itself felt to the listener at home, for it is only when an operatic singer is acting and singing with conviction and assurance that he can project the character he represents to his audience, seen or unseen.

It is, however, the standard of the musical performance that marks out this 'Ring' above any we have heard in London since the war, and sets it beside the best that Bruno Walter or Beecham gave us in the inter-war years. Rudolf Kempe is obviously a Wagnerian conductor of the first rank. His reading of the score may be less eloquent than Walter's and less elegant than Beecham's, but it has controlled power, fine phrasing, and, above all, great beauty of texture. And he does not look at his responsibilities mainly from the point of view of an orchestral conductor. He sees the score whole, and rightly accords the singers their prime place in the scheme of things. Seldom in my experience have I heard Wagnerian singers so well supported, and, in consequence, able to sing out confidently and let us hear their words.

It was this balanced handling of the score that brought into proper perspective Wotan's immense monologue in the second act, which too often seems the 'bore' it really isn't. By building it up from a true *pianissimo*, which lacked neither resonance nor tension, in a beautifully graded *crescendo* to the great climax of Wotan's vision of the end of his world, Kempe showed the passage for what it is—an immense symphonic slow movement, in which the 'themes' are not stitched together in the manner of a patchwork, but are part of a continuous and cumulative process of organic growth. No wonder that Hans Hotter, most majestic of Wotans, was able to add a cubit to his stature with such support. His voice has never sounded more resonant and noble; and, even if it lacks the warmth and sheer beauty of Friedrich Schorr's, this was a performance in the grand manner.

Miss Harshaw's Brünnhilde has not developed as one hoped it would. She sings well and accurately, but she still fails to give full expressiveness to her phrases, and it was not till the last act that she began to move one. Her attack on the high notes of her war-whoops really will not do. Leonie Rysanek's good acting as Sieglinde can have been no compensation to the listener at home for her apparent inability to produce anything between a rather toneless *piano* and a not always steady *forte*.

Of Maria von Ilosvay it cannot be said, as was written of a former Fricka, that *vera incessu patuit dea*, but at least her singing and especially her diction were exemplary, so that she made a good effect in her much (and wrongly) maligned scene, which really presents a highly



**"We choose 'Grosvenor'
and DOUBLE our
smoking enjoyment"**

The pure white plastic fibres of the tip—an exclusive feature of Grosvenor—yield more flavour from the fine tobaccos. A cool yet satisfying cigarette, good enough to bear the name of State Express.

*If any difficulty is experienced
in obtaining Grosvenor Tipped,
please write to:—*

The House of State Express,
210, Piccadilly, London, W.1

IN BOXES OF 20 for 3/7 AND
FLAT CARTONS OF 10 for 1/9½



Grosvenor
TIPPED

Made by State Express

G.8

Say "NOILLY PRAT"
and your 'French'
will be perfect!

BEHIND every bottle of Noilly Prat there's a tradition going back 150 years. A tradition that places quality above all else. It is not surprising then, that even in a world of changing values Noilly Prat is still the world's most-sought-after 'French'.

Here's why you'll prefer it—

★ Everything the French know in the growing of grapes and blending of wines—is lavished on Noilly Prat.

★ Not a drop is bottled until the wine is fully matured—at least five years.

★ The unique 'French' tang of Noilly Prat is obtained by the traditional maceration of herbs and flowers, not by short-cut infusions.

★ Noilly Prat is still bottled in France in the traditional large vermouth bottle.



Try this neat test—

SHORT NOILLY PRAT
—neat with a rest of lemon peel squeezed into and then dropped into the vermouth.

LONG NOILLY PRAT
—two fingers of Noilly Prat, add ice, top with soda.

by insisting on Gin
and Noilly Prat you ensure
getting 'Cin and French'



**NOILLY
PRAT**

Sole Importers:

WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, E.C.3

*You'll be much better off if you
invest it in*

PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY SHARES

There's no fear of lost capital. Invest £50, £100, £1,000 and when you want the money back, you receive it in full. Meantime it has earned you good interest—

**2³/₄% INCLUDING BONUS
—and tax paid**

The Directors of the Society have just declared a Bonus for this year applicable not only to existing share-holders but also for new Investors. Details will be sent to you upon request, also interesting information regarding this century-old Society and the services it renders to Investors who daren't risk their savings in "up and down" shares and must have their money readily available and yet earning good interest.

THE PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY
PLANET HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2
(Tel: MONarch 8985)

One of the oldest Societies of medium size consistently maintaining large reserves

atic clash of principles and not a ludicrous estic wrangle. Dalberg's Hunding was forceful, and never really plumb in the middle le notes. But Vinay's Siegmund has greatly oved and is an excellent performance, with special merit of making him seem an unyouth, not a hard-bitten 'hero'. at the chief credit for a splendid perance must go to the conductor and the estra which, apart from some ragged windds and a wavering flute-tone, played nificantly, the brass in particular covering

themselves with glory and the strings producing thrilling and poignant effects by sheer purity of tone and impassioned phrasing.

The other main event of the week was the first performance of Sir Arthur Bliss' Violin Concerto written for, and played by, Campoli, to a commission by the B.B.C. This is obviously a splendid virtuoso concerto, a vehicle for the soloist's personality and technical prowess. In it Campoli proved that he belongs of right to that small and distinguished company in which forenames are abandoned. The work is also fine

music as well as brilliant fiddling, romantic in manner, even at times suggesting an affinity with Brahms in the first movement. And having made his middle movement a Scherzo, the composer ingeniously combines in his finale the requisite lyrical contrast with an appropriate display of high spirits at the end. The first movement seemed at first hearing—and even at second when Sir Arthur Bliss conducted it—too overloaded with material to create the impression of an organic whole.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Organ Music in the Reign of Henry VIII

By DENIS STEVENS

The first of a series of programmes of early Tudor organ music will be broadcast at 6.25 p.m. on Friday, May 27 (Third)

THE English organists kept bad time, their touch was feeble, and their execution not very good'. These words, taken from a letter written by the secretary to the Venetian Ambassador at Henry VIII's court, afford documentary evidence of what was doubtless a notable part of courtship in the early years of the sixteenth century. Indeed, the topic of musical performance, together with the inevitable comparisons between artist and that, occupied as important a place in the conversation of cultured circles as it does today. Archives abound with references to music and performers, and there is no reason to assume that archival research is at an end: further investigations may unearth even more descriptions of musical life in England, and so it is to piece together a somewhat battered but historically tempting mosaic.

To be fair to Sagudino, he did admire our rural singing, and said so without reserve in letters he wrote home to Italy. Why he took exception to the organists may long remain a mystery, although it is perfectly true to say that there are no extensive examples of organ music in England before 1520, the Italians can boast a flourishing repertory of both secular and liturgical organ music before 1420. Further, it is almost certainly not a coincidence that a Venetian organist named Dionysio Memo arrived in London less than fifteen months after Sagudino's plaintful letter. Memo's tremendous success at court was, in its turn, the direct cause of the revival of interest in organ playing—an interest that has scarcely waned from that day this.

The sources of English organ music during the reign of Henry VIII are few but not far between; in fact, they all reside at the British Museum, including the one small manuscript which is really a part of the Royal Library. This little organ book is one of the earliest of its group. It may even be the very earliest, though the question of dating is made difficult by the absence of composers' names and the lack of internal evidence which might help to trace provenance or ownership of the book. But its very first item displays the adventurous ingenuity of the unknown composer, for it can be transcribed only in quintuple metre and thus predates Christopher Tye's 'In nomine' pieces, one of which also emerges, in transcription, with an inevitable five-four time-signature.

Another small but useful manuscript contains works by John Redford, who should by now be well known for not having written the anthem 'Joyce in the Lord alway'. Redford was responsible (as were many other court musicians) for producing plays as well as training the choristers in singing—or pricksong, as it was

called—and it is no surprise to find in this very book a number of poems and dramatic fragments which were used in stage plays at court. One poem is a light-hearted account of the woes of choirboys, recalling an even earlier poem recently edited by an American medievalist under the title of 'The Chorister's Lament'. Nevertheless, it was the choristers who often learnt to play the organ, after preliminary studies on the clavichord, thereby assuring for themselves an extra stipend when, as lay clerks or vicars choral, they took turns to play the organ in the absence of one specifically appointed for that task. A large number of ecclesiastical establishments apparently preferred to have a rota of organists instead of a regular appointment, though there may well have been economic motives as well as artistic ones behind this preference.

The largest of the sources of organ music is a composite volume, begun in the third decade of the century and completed over 100 years later. It was for some time in the library of Thomas Tomkins, who has provided copious and garrulous annotations throughout all the sections. Tomkins, an eminently practical musician, went carefully through the whole volume for his own amusement and instruction (for it would have been of little use in the liturgy of his day) and evidently much enjoyed the exercise of his critical faculties. 'A fine hymn verse of 2 parts', 'A good old indeed, very good', 'A good sharp verse' are among the comments which he made, marginally and musingly, as he thumbed his way through this remarkable monument of his predecessors' achievements. His affection for the volume and its contents is amply demonstrated by the fact that its blank pages were made the unwitting recipients of his essays in political poetry and recipes for preserving fruit.

Alone among the sources this manuscript has some semblance of order in the matter of liturgical use, although the true nature of the contents is not immediately revealed. The later fascicle consists entirely of hymns, while the early one abounds in a great variety of liturgical forms. Some of these, apparently separate and unconnected, coalesce into large-scale forms of great intrinsic importance when seen from a liturgical point of view. There is, for example, a set of verses called simply 'The viii tune in C fa ut' which is in fact a Magnificat on the Sixth (not the Eighth) Tone. Further on, there is a collection of pieces by a Welsh composer, Philip ap Rhys, beginning with 'Deus creator omnium', which is the title of a Sarum hymn. This hardly seems to fit the ensuing items, a Gloria, Offertory, and Sanctus, and the true nature of the group remains an enigma until

we realise that the same title was used also for one of the most important of the Sarum Kyrie tropes. The first item is therefore a set of verses for the Kyrie, to be played in alternation with the choir just as the Kyries of the Faenza and Buxheim manuscripts were, or for that matter the organ Masses of Attaignant, Le Bègue, de Grigny, and Couperin in France; Cavazzoni, Merulo, Banchieri and della Ciaja in Italy; and Buchner and Erbach in Germany.

Rhys' organ Mass is not the only one in the volume. There is another, this time a setting of the Proper, not the Ordinary, by a prolific and highly skilled composer named Thomas Preston. This setting of the Proper of the Mass is unique in that the Continental sources (apart from isolated Introits and Sequences in Buchner's *Fundamentbuch*) preserve only music for Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Offertory, Sanctus and Benedictus, Agnus Dei, and *Ite missa est*. Preston provides music for the Mass on Easter Day, beginning with the Introit, and going on to the Gradual, Alleluia (which had two verses in those days), and Sequence: 'Fulgens praeclara'. Besides the music for the Mass, certain groupings of organ verses for the Office suggest a stricter liturgical function than is usually accorded them. Two pairs of antiphons undoubtedly belong to Compline, when they would be played before and after 'Nunc dimittis' instead of the sung antiphon: Numerous settings of 'Miserere mihi Domine', the antiphon to the psalms at Compline, also suggest a constant use of organ music at this time. The hymns, too, are ranged (especially in the later fascicle) in the correct order of the church year, and they—like the music for Mass and Magnificat—are intended for alternatim performance.

Of the composers whose names have come down to us, perhaps the best-known is John Redford, who was organist of St. Paul's Cathedral until his death in 1547. Thomas Preston was organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and William Shelbye spent several years at Canterbury Cathedral, where he may have met Thomas Tallis. John Thorne, of York Minster, seems to have served as organist in London before he went north, for both his name and that of Richard Wynslade (who later went to Winchester) appear in the registers of St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate. Other names are still somewhat more obscure, but it is certain that even the lesser lights played their part in building up a great tradition of organ-playing and composing which may some day be recognised as one of the musical glories of Tudor England.

One of the latest publications of the Folio Society is *Humphrey Clinker* by Tobias Smollett, with wood-engravings by Derrick Harris and an introduction by J. H. Lyde. The price is 22s. 6d.

"Double Proof" Test in 'BLUE ICE' for SMITHS de Luxe

The endurance of the gallant members of the Australian Antarctic Expedition, as seen in the T.V. film 'Blue Ice', is matched by the watches they carry. And the watches are Smiths de Luxe... the watches that constantly win through rigorous conditions... unconditionally guaranteed for one year and sold by Jewellers everywhere.



A.358 17 jewel, gold plated model. Raised gilt figures on black dial.
£10.19.6.

B.310 Ladies' gold plated model. 15 jewels. Silvered dial with raised gilt numerals.
£10.10.0.

A 'SMITHS OF ENGLAND' PRODUCT

SMITHS BRITISH WATCHES, WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON, N.W.2

The High Grade Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

"I bought a pair in 1920 and they are still in very good condition as for wear and appearance. They have certainly given me real service for golf and Canadian country walking."

9/11/49



105/-

LOTUS Veldtschoen

The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

LOTUS LTD
STAFFORD

The Policy for Children

£12 a year invested for a child, if the investment is begun within two months of birth, will provide

at age 18

£92 p.a. for 3 years or

at age 21

£323 down, or a life policy for £1,044 with profits, or

at age 25

£399 down, or a life policy for £1,086 with profits

Ask for details for a boy or girl of any age up to 16

**The Equitable Life
Assurance Society**
(founded 1762)

19, Coleman St., London, E.C.2

A HUNDRED YEARS OF BUILDING SOCIETY SERVICE

**Your money is SAFE but
not 'Tied Up'**

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ % TAX PAID

PLUS a further $\frac{1}{2}$ % per annum
for fixed term making

3 $\frac{1}{4}$ % TAX PAID

Invest with safety in this old-established Society with a record of 100 years of service to Investors and those requiring Mortgage facilities.

No depreciation of capital.
No initial expense. Withdrawals at short notice.

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS ON

"How soon can I get my money back if required?"

**ALLIANCE PERPETUAL
BUILDING SOCIETY**

31 Baker Street, London, W.1 Tel.: HUNter 0417

Established 1854

**do you go to
one of these**

- THEATRE
- BALLET
- OPERA
- CONCERT HALL

If the answer is "you will find it convenient to our THEATRE SEAT PLANS price only 2/6. With can tell where you are sitting what seats are being offered to It will be found invaluable ordering seats by telephone.

For theatre-goers the seating of all the main London Theatres are shown; ballet and opera have Covent Garden and St. Wells and for music lovers, Hall, Festival Hall and Wigmore. The book contains 47 plans.

The 2nd Edition is now. This edition has been brought to date and more plans have added (size approx. 10" x 7"; 80p).

A new feature is THE MEMORIES by Frances Ste in which she recalls some of the successes associated with theatre. The book contains page map of theatre-land "How to Get There."

From most bookshops, theatre agents, and London stores or 2/6, postage 3d., in an envelope from

LYTTONS THEATRE G
13a, James St., London, Y

the Housewife

Making Dark Rooms Lighter

By ROGER SMITHELLS

HERE are endless ways in which glass can make your home brighter, and I want to suggest two of them now. First, for those people who live in a basement which does not get enough light because it is surrounded by solid buildings. To get the light from the sky into your room you would have to persuade the sun to shoot straight down between the buildings, to make a sudden turn when they come to your window, and shoot horizontally into the room. You would have to bend the sun. There is a glass which does exactly that. It is called prismatic glass. It has one smooth and one side ribbed, like corrugated cardboard. Each of the ribs is a prism. If you put this glass into your window instead of ordinary glass, the light which falls from high above on the outer surface of the glass is bent by the ribs so that it comes straight into the room. You can obtain prismatic glass from your local glass merchant, cut to the size you need. It is fixed into the window frames just as ordinary glass. One important point: prismatic glass is made in three types. Ask your glass merchant to tell you which type you need: it depends on the angle at which the light falls on your window. Another way of bringing light into dark rooms is with mirrors. If you want to brighten a dull room, fix your panel of mirror glass where it

can reflect the light from a window. The best way is to experiment with a looking-glass. Move it about until you find the position where it does reflect the light. Then fix your permanent wall panel in that position. As well as making rooms look lighter mirrors can make them seem much larger. This is a real help when you are decorating a tiny room. With mirrors you can look through walls instead of at them. But do not spoil the effect by fixing mirrors where they will reflect you all the time. Particularly, do not fix a big mirror opposite a door.

Fixing wall mirrors is not a difficult job; but there are a few points you should watch. If you want to screw a mirror to the wall, order your panel ready drilled with screw holes. Use ordinary fibre plugs and mirror screws which are fitted with a neat, domed cap; but do not screw the screws quite tight. It is a good idea to cut thin slices from a cork and put one behind each screw hole to act as a safety cushion in case the wall surface is uneven. (Circles of rubber will do as well.) Another useful hint: put a little rubber sleeve round the shank of each screw. This will soften the contact between the glass and the metal screw. You can cut the sleeves from the rubber covering of a bit of old electric flex. Another simple method of fixing wall mirrors—and it can look just as neat—is with clips. If you use spring clips you can screw them in

position first, then insert the mirror. The spring clips will grip the edges firmly.

—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

FRANCIS WATSON, O.B.E. (page 873): in India from 1938-46, during war in Department of Information and Broadcasting; author of *Dawson of Penn*, *Daniel Defoe*, etc.

SIR JOHN MAUD, G.C.B. (page 874): Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power since 1952; Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Education, 1945-52; Master of Birkbeck College, London University, 1939-43

J. A. STEERS (page 881): Professor of Geography, Cambridge University, and President of St. Catharine's College; Honorary Adviser on Coastal Preservation to Ministry of Town and Country Planning and to Department of Health, Scotland; author of *The Coastline of England and Wales*, *The Sea Coast*, etc.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON (page 884): author of *Freedom of the Parish*, *Gardenage*, *Samuel Palmer*, *The Drawings of Henry Moore*, etc.

C. J. HAMSON (page 887): Professor of Comparative Law, Cambridge University

ERICH HELLER (page 888): Professor of German, University College, Swansea; author of *The Hazard of Modern Poetry*

Crossword No. 1,307.

Imp of Mischief—III.

By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Sending date: first post on Thursday, May 26. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The clues are 'devilled', i.e., a number of consecutive letters which form the light have been omitted. E.g., 'In car, lights are useless (4)'—the light is POGY. When is inserted in its proper place it reads 'In fog, your lights are useless'. Liberties have been taken with quotation, capital letters, and grouping, but the order of letters has not been changed.

For lights for 25, 30, 32 Across; 23, 29, 31 Down are letter names.

CLUES—ACROSS

He was kind and did not frighten the ranger (8)
He was not so comic—we thought he would be (4)



11. With ire, long the prisoner will live (7)
14. I altered my motive; got the chairman to agree, too (3)
15. With determination I can end the pain (3)
16. In Rye there's a brow—got fungus on it, perhaps (6)
17. Is the letter there? Tai can't read Greek (3)
18. What you said in class, Io, was not understood (5)
19. All ten players have an advantage in their scores (3)
20. I will not play Oman's part in this act (4)
22. You must know about the end, Otto,—qualify in anatomy (6)
25. A late arrival—off raced our 'Apple Blossom' (6)
28. They talk blarney and gash men with shillelachs (4)
30. It was a canny bid Scotty so grandly made (4)
32. The rider pulls his jump at the fence (4)
33. She'd two brothers; they escaped the flood (3)
34. If you hear trains, come across the meadow (4)
35. We cannot learn to ride without a pother (4)
36. The lanes soon lie on a country walk (6)
37. Here's fat, raw ling—is it for my dinner? (4)
40. What appears in the Honours List may be an omen (4)
41. Bring some wine, Mary,—goodness, I'm dry! (5)
42. They use lama-wool material in upholstery (3)
43. These dressed-up race-goers are all apes! (6)
48. You can hear the doves here in the evening (4)
50. He's a grand agitator who upsets the men (5)
51. When she comes, you can hear up in the bar (7)
52. If they see one, motions begin to take effect (5)
53. I can sell him any species of yarn (7)

DOWN

1. Sis on; then the show will be good (3)
2. The penny was given to confirm the bargain (4)
3. Off roll the evil-eye and spooks appear in demonology (6)
4. A goral, a bok and a kob are all antelopes (4)
5. After drinking, a chat; all at closing time (7)
6. To belies, Lethe had little attraction (5)
7. It was a pretty hat she picked up at the concert (4)
8. After such losses you will not bet. O leave Ascot now! (4)
9. If you want to drink, cry 'Wine'—the waiter will bring it (3)
10. I'm busy with garden-hose; digging:—I'm a slave (4)
12. The men were scared—those who were fit to fight (4)
13. The slave in his shack roars and riles his fellows (3)
18. The Greeks learnt wit hardest. O teach them! (5)
21. If you keep on drinking you'll be a bold man (4)
23. Men were excited by that Elizabeth—an achievement (5)
24. The German Super from the pre-Hitler era (8)
26. Travelling in this I'm set; rain, hail and snow fall outside (3)
27. You can have your plat; I and other people prefer gold (4)
29. At the church there's a meet—specially for sportsmen (4)
30. What a char! Hat at the sale price too! (5)

31. The jersey was wool—great comfort in cold weather (4)
34. Message reaches Bato re the Persian oil (5)
35. Use the notes, Dean,—dread Curwen's system (3)
38. To Renard, mallard and other duck are appertising (5)
39. In the open, many fine singers took part (5)
43. The ledge was used for Alf to put things on (3)
44. Look out for the bee's sting—a swarm in the orchard (3)
45. I have nothing and he, alas, little (3)
46. I like the American bar best; here we get entertainment (3)
47. We find man using stories from this book (3)
- 48U. Put the bovine stock in the field, the pine in the forest (3)
49. He looked beery and bled too (3)

Solution of No. 1,305

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
A	O	N	O	F	S	L	E	N	D	E
R	E	P	U	T	A	T	I	O	N	
I	E	R	R	S	R	S	U	E	U	S
P	U	T	F	O	R	T	H	T	H	E
R	T	Q	E	A	H	W	U	S	A	S
I	R	S	O	N	S	T	O	S	E	
C	M	N	O	T	S	R	R	G	R	R
K	P	R	E	F	E	R	M	E	N	T

NOTES

Answers and sources: 1D. Priam, H. IV (2), I, 1. 1R. Romeo. R. & J., II, 2. 2L. + 25R. nearer. Mac, II, 3. 2R. purse. Oth, III, 3. 3L. + 10R. round. Temp, IV, 1. 3R. trunk. H. V, III, 6. 4R. south. Twelfth N, I, 1. 5R. fault, J.C., I, 2. 6L. usurp. Lear, V, 3. 6R. hates. Merchant, IV, 1. 7D. alas. Ham, V, 1. 7L. trull. H. VI (3), I, 4. 7R. guile. Merchant, III, 2. 8L. feast. LLL, V, 1. 8R. + 29L. reason. Mac, I, 3. 9L. organ. Twelfth N, I, 4. 10L. darts. H. VI (2), III, 1. 10D. hound. H. V, Chor I. 11L. untie. Shrew, II, 1. 11D. ensue. MND, III, 2. 12L. keep. R. II, III, 2. 13D. true. Lear, I, 1. 14D. prick. Merchant, III, 1. 14R. stop. Ham, V, 1. 15R. quote. Tro, IV, 5. 16R. stern. John, IV, 1. 17R. farms. Lear, II, 3. 18L. smoke. R. & J., I, 1. 18R. other. R. II, II, 1. 19L. apron. A & C, V, 2. 19R. wrong. Ham, III, 1. 20L. thorn. MND, V, 1. 20R. trust. A & C, IV, 13. 21L. thews. J.C., I, 3. 22L. tufts. MWoW, V, 5. 23L. horse. R. III, V, 4. 24L. rears. J.C., III, 1. 24D. trees. AYL, I, 1. 26L. gems. R. III, I, 4. 27L. + 28R. creep. Mac, V, 5.

Quotation: Two Gentlemen of Verona, I, 3

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss A. M. George (Gloucester); 2nd prize: E. G. Phillips (Bangor); 3rd prize: L. H. Holmes (Penwortham)

Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without going "into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Postal Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to obtain Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** from C. D. PARKER, M.A., LL.D., Dept. FE85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Be a Master of English

You are judged by the way you speak and write.


Improve your English quickly by post—the Regent Institute way. Many students say that the moderate fee charged for the Effective English Course is the best investment they have ever made. The tuition is so planned that you make noticeable progress within a few hours.

Post this advertisement to-day to The Regent Institute (Dept. Y/391A), Palace Gate, London, W.8—enclosing 2d. stamp—for an interesting 15-Minute Test (with key) and "Word Mastery" (the prospectus)—without obligation.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

ESTABLISHED 1873



RENT-A-CAR

the HARDY way!

Phone WEL 1121

1955 MORRIS OXFORD 6-SEATER SALOONS.


CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN LIMOUSINES

Day or Period Hire

HARDY HIRE

(PROPRIETORS R HARDY & SON LTD)

55 MARYLEBONE HIGH STREET, LONDON W.1



YOUR PEN CAN PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY!

Wherever you take your holiday this year, your pen can pay the cost—and more! With paper-rationing nearing its end and travel becoming easier, more and more papers and magazines are interested in articles and stories with a holiday flavour. The mind when in fresh surroundings develops an alertness and stores up material which the trained writer can always use.

The LSJ has courses to help every kind of writer—journalist or story writer—beginner or expert. Its latest Course on TV Play writing specially written by Mr. George F. Kerr, formerly drama script editor for the B.B.C. and now script editor in commercial TV, is unique in covering a field hitherto almost unexplored. The famous writer Mr. L. A. G. Strong has prepared the Course in English Literature, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson the English History.

If you feel attracted to any form of writing, you should seek the School's advice. The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

Chief Secretary, **LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM**, 57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1

MUSEUM 4574

"There are LSJ students all over the world."

Speedhand

is far and away the easiest of all shorthands to learn, to write and to read; the reason is that it uses the ordinary letters of the alphabet. Speedhand enables every word in the language to be condensed and instantly read back; the Speedhand form indicating the sound of the English word. Here is a fast, efficient, phonetic shorthand which you are guaranteed to be able to learn in 20 hours or less without correspondence lessons. For full particulars of the new edition of the Speedhand Manual, and free trial lesson, please write to

The Cambridge Stenographic Institute (Dept. L11), 219 Hills Road, Cambridge

MEN OF GOOD WILL

wherever they may be, look forward to a world of international friendship. It is easier to make friends with those who "speak the same language." Esperanto is extremely easy to learn—it has no complicated idiomatic forms and only a few simple grammatical rules.

A complete Correspondence Course costs only 10s., including textbook, dictionary and correction of exercises. Send 6d. for informative literature and introductory booklet.

BRITISH ESPERANTO ASSOCIATION INC.

Dept. L.1.d, 140 Holland Park Ave., W.11

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE WHEN YOU ARE SICK

STUTIS

(A registered Friendly Society founded in 1912)

STUTIS is a sick benefit Society founded primarily for the teaching profession but open to all professional workers, who are invited to join it to ensure financial aid in illness.

An annual Contribution of from one to twenty guineas.

SICK PAY of from 10/6 to £10.10.0 a week and an average return of 75% of annual contributions to form a

SAVINGS ACCOUNT on which compound interest at 2½% per annum is allowed and from which cash withdrawals may be made.

Write for a booklet giving full information.

S.T.U.T.I.S. (S. Dept.)

The Secondary Technical and University Teachers' Insurance Society

29 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1

Telephone: EUSTON 6737



A Good Return for your money

2½% DEPOSIT **2¾% SHARE**

Society paying income tax—calculated half-yearly. No expenses on investment or withdrawal, write for full particulars.



GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY ESTD. 1880

22, NEW ROAD, Grays, Essex

Branch Offices—31, Linton Road, Barking, Essex, and 4, Wheeler Gate, Nottingham

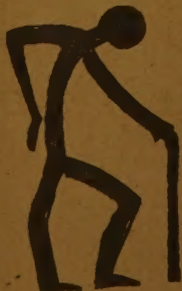
(Mr. C. O. Day)

Assets—£2,000,000

Reserves—£76,000

CHARTERHOUSE RHEUMATISM CLINIC

President: H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester



A National Charity devoted entirely to the **TREATMENT** of rheumatism, arthritis and to research.

1,250,000 treatments and investigations have been given and made during the last 10 years.

£5,000 a year is urgently needed to continue and expand this good work. Please help by a donation or legacy—The Countess of Halifax, C.I., D.C.V.O., 56 Weymouth Street, London, W.1.

A brochure will be sent on application.

Tuition by Post



UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

U.C.C., founded 1887, with its staff of highly qualified Tutors, offers education for General Certif. of Education, London, Oxford, Cambridge, North and others (single subjects may be taken). London University Degrees (open to A.C.P., L.C.P., and various Teacher Diplomas, Law, Professional Preliminary R.S.A., Local Government, Civil Service Moderate fees; instalments if desired).

★ **PROSPECTUS** free from the Registrar, Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination: B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B.; and other external London University Degrees, Civil Service, Government and Commercial Examinations. Also expert postal tuition for Preliminary and for the professional exams. in Accountancy, Secretarial, Law, Sales Management, and many intensely practical (non-examination) courses in commercial subjects.

More than 80,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESS. Guarantee of Coaching until Success. Text-book lending library. Moderate payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, send FREE request, mentioning exam. or subject which interested to the Secretary ()

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria Street, London,

AUSTIN

The New Show Models A.30, A.40, A.50 and A.90. Limit number of orders now acceptable from proven essential users, for delivery ahead of Demonstrations, brochures, etc. Terms, application forms on request, from

140-144 Golders Green Road, Golders Green, London, N.W.

Your hands will feel at Home



CHAPPELL PIANOS

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD, 50 New Bond Street, London, W.

Telephone: MAYfair 7600

200 YARDS FROM MADAME TUSSAIDS

Printed in England by Waterlow and Sons Ltd., Twyford Abbey Road, Park Royal, N.W.10, and published by the British Broadcasting Corporation at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.—All editorial communications to the Editor, THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. May 19, 1955